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Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 85.—Vol. VII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, July 19, 1905 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

The Baroness d'Erlanger

No. 85 - Vol. VII

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short, witty sketches and episodes, rather than stories, of a bright, crisp, and epigrammatic nature, of about 1,000 to 1,500 words in length, are the only kind of fiction that is wanted, and preference is given to that which is light and amusing. News and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone Number is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

"A Jay of Italy." By Bernard Capes. (Methuen: 6s.)
"Jane Shore." By J. E. Muddock. (John Long: 6s.)
"Love's Cross Currents." A. C. Swinburne. (Chatto and Windus: 6s.)
"The Romance of Lohengrin." By Bernard Capes. (Dean and Son: 6s.)
"Whitewash." By Ethel Watts Mumford. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)

MISCELLANEOUS

"The Suburbans." By T. W. H. Crosland. (John Long: 5s.)
"Cricket on the Brain." By "M.C.C." (Fisher Unwin: Elevenpence net.)
"Horses I Have Known." By "G.G." (H. G. Harper). (John Long: 3s. 6d.)
"The Scenery of London." Painted by Herbert Marshall, and described by G. E. Mitton. (A. and C. Black: 20s.)
"By Moor and Fell." By Halliwell Sutcliffe. Illustrated by George Hering. (Fisher Unwin: 6s.)
"Naples." By Arthur Norway. Illustrated by Maurice Greiffenhagen. (Methuen: 6s.)
The Muse's Library: Johnson, Goldsmith, Gray, and Collins, 1 vol.; Blake, 1 vol.; Adelaide Anne Proctor, 1 vol.; Herrick, 2 vols.; Rosetti's Early Italian Poets, 1 vol. (Pocket editions, blue cloth, 1s. a volume.)
"Prince and Tom: Some Incidents in the Life of a Dog and Cat, as told by the Dog." By Charles G. Brentporte. (John Long: 3s. 6d.)
"Dalton's Bridge at a Glance." (De la Rue: 1s. 6d.)
"Dalton on Bridge." (De la Rue: 3s. 6d.)
PERIODICALS: "Baconiana," for July; "The London Magazine"; "The Rapid Review"; "Longman's Magazine."

Idom Jottings

Magistrates as Thermometers

Warm weather in England [illegible] be divided into three grades—the simply warm, which makes foreigners shiver; the heat-wave, when Londoners begin to wonder why the hansom-cab and the underground railway were invented; and what may be called, for want of a better term, the "wigs-off weather." When a magistrate decides that the wearing of a wig—if continued—will cause a vacancy on the Bench, and a consequent obsession of justice, we know that it is really warm—90 deg in the shade, with a thunder-storm imminent. Last week was a case in point.

Hot Weather Reforms

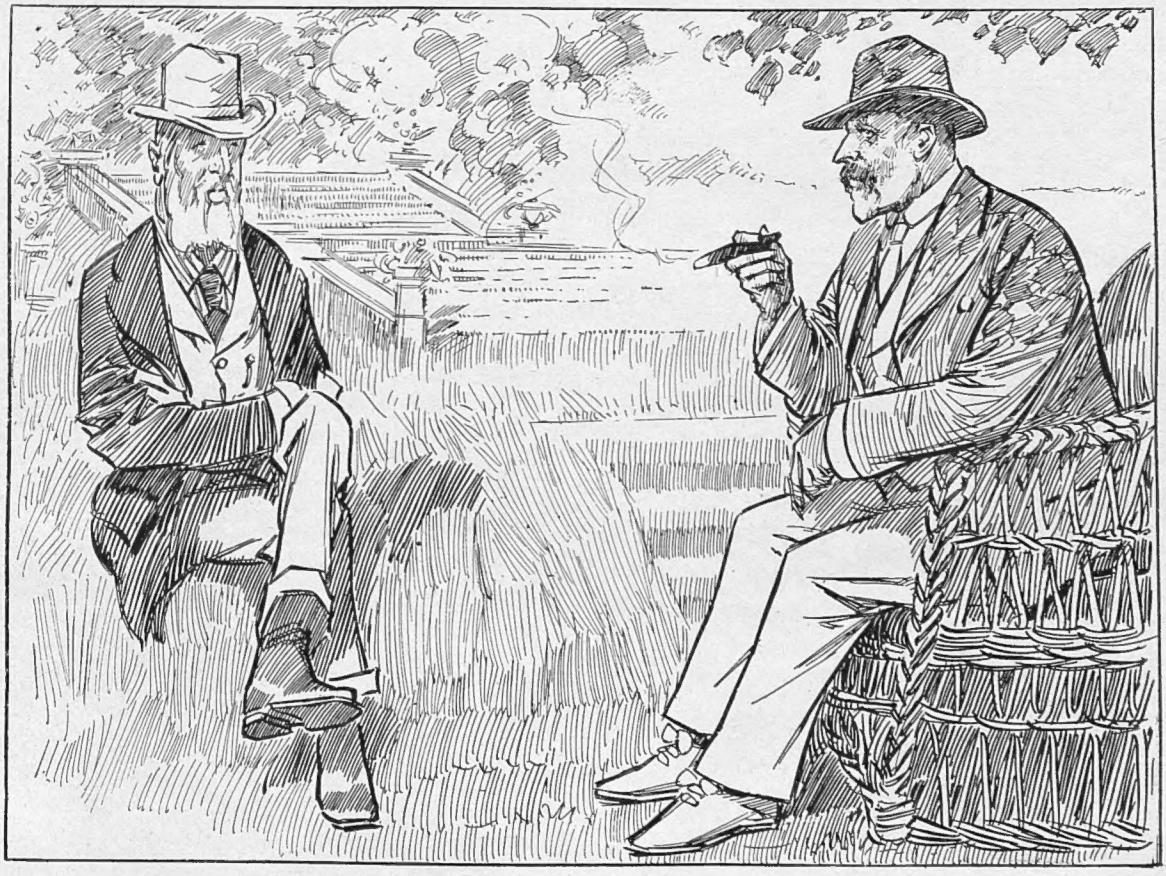
Does warm weather make for reforms? It seems to. Last week, at any rate, a crèche was opened at Hoxton, the papers concerning Redistribution were laid upon the table, Mr. Arnold-Forster declared the Volunteers unfit, Lord Roberts declared the Regulars unfitter—so to speak—and the London County Council decided that the time was come, as the walrus said, when ambulances (which, by the way, we said a few weeks ago were as [illegible]ult to secure as a seat at Musical Chairs) were o[illegible]e necessities of our civic life.

Not Road Hogs

Victim[illegible]of sunstroke, apoplexy, and the casual swoon, will have the pleasure of reflecting during their convalescence, that, next time they are taken ill, they may—it is by no means certain, but they may—have the pleasure of being driven to a hospital in a motor ambulance. The L. C. C. is applying for the powers to provide the ambulances. As the speed of these is unlikely to be excessive, we trust anti-motorists will place no difficulties in the way.

Theosophy Week

After Dr. Torrey, Mrs. Besant—and a Theosophy week. "It is so queer," Mrs. Besant has been telling an interviewer, "to hear astral phenomena regarded as supernatural marvels." It appears that to an occultist it is as simple to project an astral communication to someone in another part of the world, or on another plane, as it is for an ordinary mortal to send a telegram. This may be so.



THE KING'S WEEK-END

"Charming, my dear Devonshire, and—eh?—not altogether undeserved?"

Pity the poor Artist!
"90 deg. in the shade, with a thunderstorm imminent"
(See page 107)

Theosophy Week
"—Mrs. Robinson can't get through the door because someone in the room is a sceptic"
(See paragraph below)

The Quee-ness of Astral Bodies

But the reason why the ordinary mortal thinks astral phenomena queer is, we fancy, because astral communications are, as a rule, so singularly unpractical. We may be too materialistic, but if an astral body would, for once in a way, forward some intelligence that would make us wiser or better, or even gayer, we should be far more ready to respect astral bodies in general. We are not suggesting that "astrals" should send news of the Kaffir Market, or anything concerned with mere matter: we merely maintain that we can do without the sort of thing that astrals usually transmit—the information that Mr. Tompkins—our old friend—has just been run over by a train in Cincinnati, or that Mrs. Robinson can't get through the door, because somebody in the room is a sceptic. We can wait for the news of Tompkins' death, and we don't want Mrs. Robinson to get through the door. She talks sufficient nonsense outside. That, at least, is, we believe, the view of the ordinary mortal.

An Idea for Photographers

The Essex Field Club has, we see, invited photographers to assist them in compiling a photographic survey of the county. The idea of recording a county's landmarks in this way is an admirable one, more particularly as it may give many amateur photographers something sensible to do. Undirected, the amateur photographer is apt to be something of a nuisance. Either he is freakish by nature, or else his relations, whom he photographs, are. A posterity that has perfected the camera will wonder at the degenerate beings to be found in many family albums. Decidedly, it is better for us that the amateur should photograph counties.

An Idea for Photographers
"Undirected, the amateur photographer is apt to be something of a nuisance"
(See paragraph above)

A Missing Word
There is no word that properly describes the Bisley rifleman. We think that many overworked range officers think so too
(See page 109)

A Missing Word

There is a serious deficiency in the English language, and we beg to call attention to it, now that the Bisley competitions are on. It is, that there is no word which properly describes the man of the rifle, as "cricketer" describes the exponent of our national game, and "archer" described the man who could shoot with the bow. The devotee of the rifle is, in fact—despite the movement in favour of rifle clubs all over the country—at present without a name. He is not a rifleman, unless he happens to belong to a particular branch of the Army, and he is still less a gunner.

What is the Bisley-ite?

Gunners, of course, have nothing to do with rifles, while the late Lord Tennyson seems to have ruined "Rifleman" as a generic term by writing a poem with the refrain:

Form, form, Riflemen, form!

at a time when the forming of auxiliary forces met with as much criticism as the reforming of them does now. 'Shooter," unfortunately, has been annexed by the cricketing faction to describe a certain low class of ball.

Unsatisfactory Synonyms

Bisley reporters seem to content themselves with calling the male competitors "marksmen" or "shots," and the female competitors, "markswomen" or "lady shots"—which is certainly better than "marksladies" and "women shots." But "marksman" is a vague word at the best, and a "shot" is only properly applied to the man who discharges a shot-gun. Logically, the rifler (only rifler isn't, of course, right) ought to be called a bullet. Yet, to call a man "a good bullet" or "a bad bullet" would result in misunderstanding. Perhaps some poet could coin the missing word.

No Hoax

It was not chivalrous to refer—as some of our reporters did—to the descent upon London last week of two hundred American ladies as a Beauty Hoax. There was no hoax about it. Sensation-loving newspapers had indeed announced that the two hundred comprised the picked beauties of Ohio, Kentucky, and Indiana; whereas, in fact, they were tourists, seventy of whom were winners of the tourist tickets offered by an enterprising American journal. What then? They were not picked beauties. That is all. In Ohio, Kentucky, and Indiana, there is no need to pick and choose.

"Not—Not the Two Hundred"

No sane man could expect to secure two hundred Helens of Troy (U.S.A.), even by skilfully organising a newspaper competition. The thing is impossible in one sense. But in another sense it is feasible enough These ladies—seventy of them at all events—have exhibited the beauty of intelligence—by winning the free trips offered by the *Commercial Tribune*—the beauty of energy—are they not going to do Europe in thirty-eight days?—the beauty of modesty, in declining to see interviewers. For our part, we wish them *bon voyage* and freedom from impertinent publicity. Perhaps it is a mistake to travel in quite such numbers, if they desire to be immune from it. But that is their business.

Photo by] **The St. Louis (U.S.A.) "Beauties" refuse to be photographed** [*Advance Agency*

It seems that the American ladies who are visiting this country as the result of winning a Free Trip Competition, organised by an enterprising American newspaper, are highly incensed at the way they have been treated by certain English newspapers, who have made unchivalrous remarks upon their—(dare we use the hated word?)—beauty. So that when our photographer went, in the manner common to BYSTANDER photographers, to ask courteously whether he might take a photograph, he met with the reception shown above. But then, you see, they hadn't read our remarks above, entitled "No Hoax"

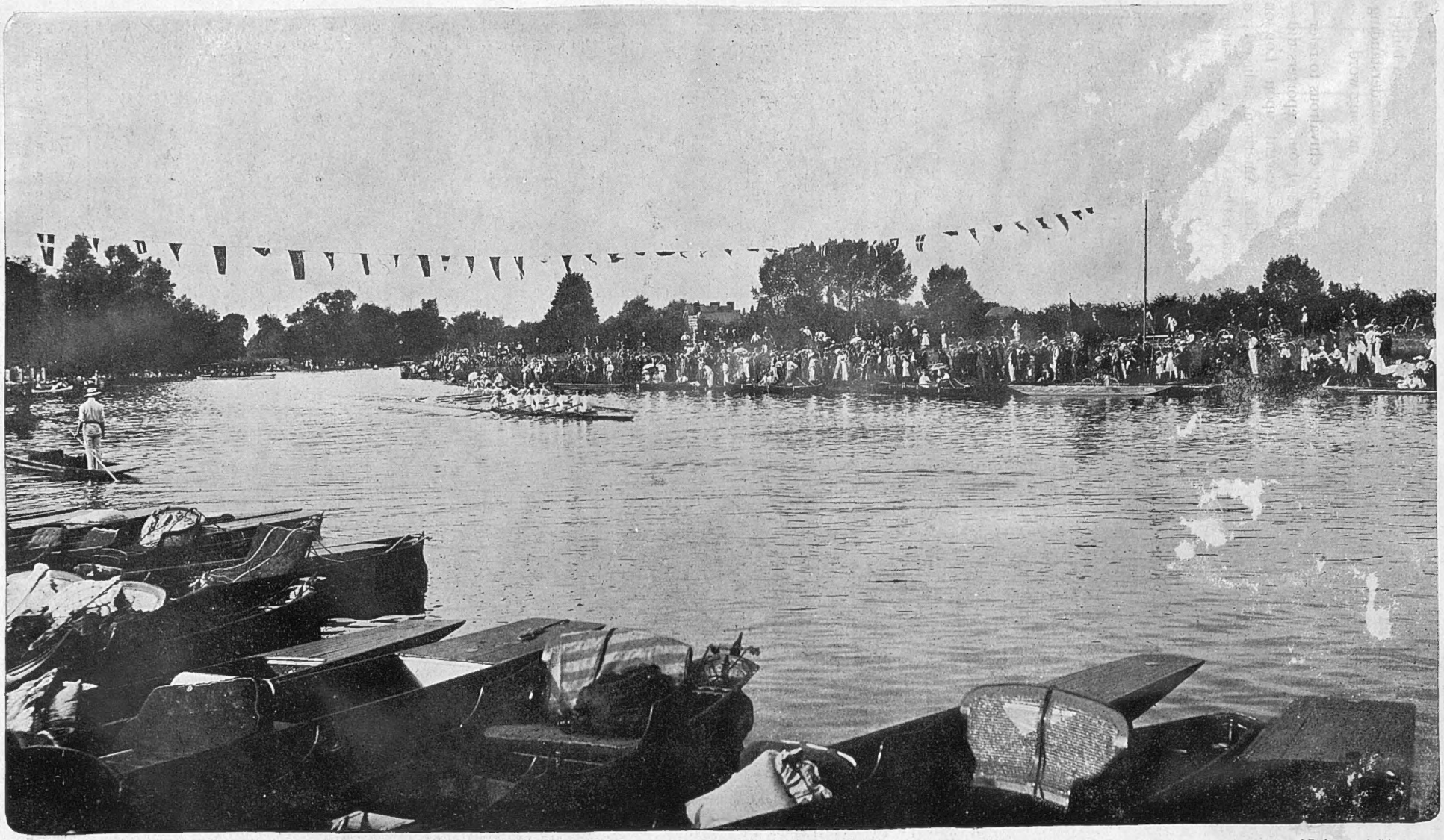


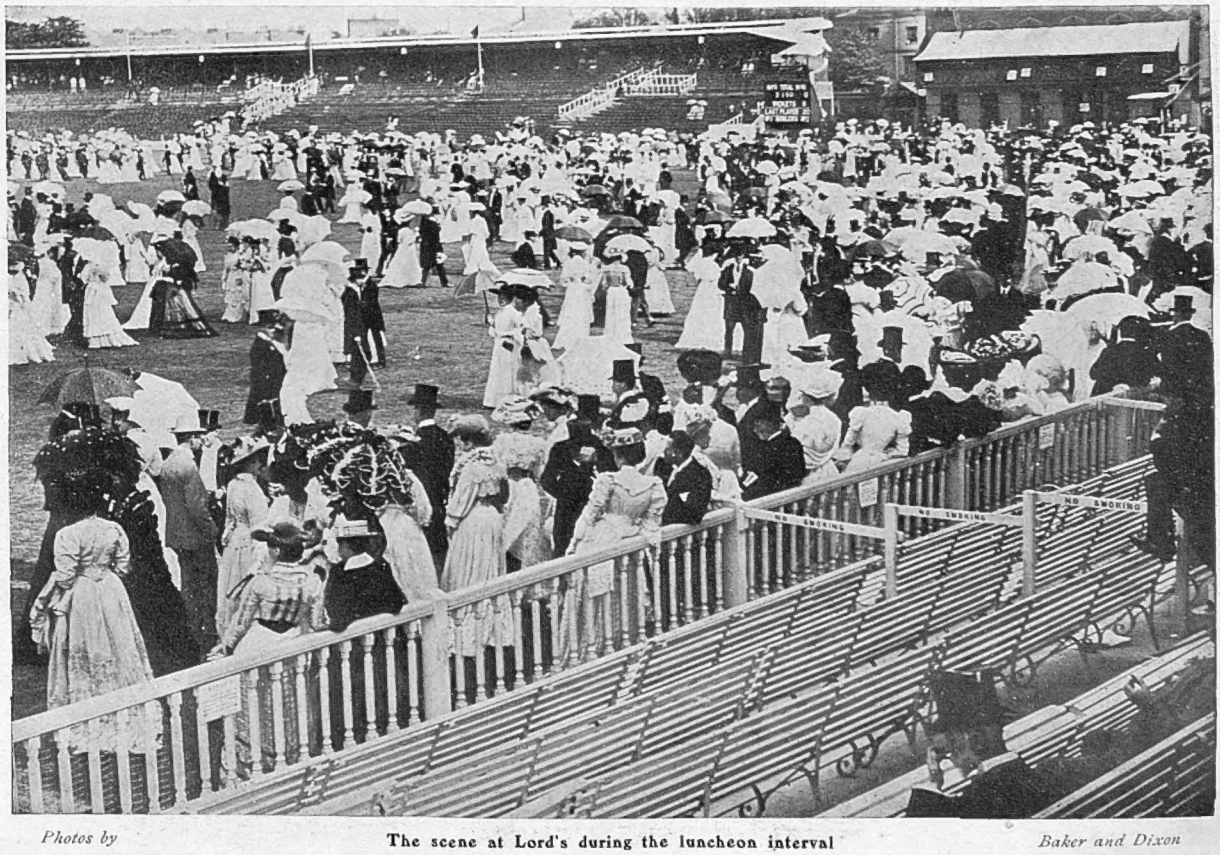
Photo by] **At Staines Regatta: London wins by a length in the finish for the Senior Eights last Saturday** [*Baker and Dixon*

Staines, as a regatta, is famous for its number of challenge cups and for the excellence of its racing. London, besides beating Thames for the Senior Eights in the good time of 4mm. 5⅘s was successful in pulling off the Staines Fours and the Senior Fours. The prizes were presented in the evening by Lady Dixon-Hartland

Eton v. Harrow at Lord's

Harrow at the wicket

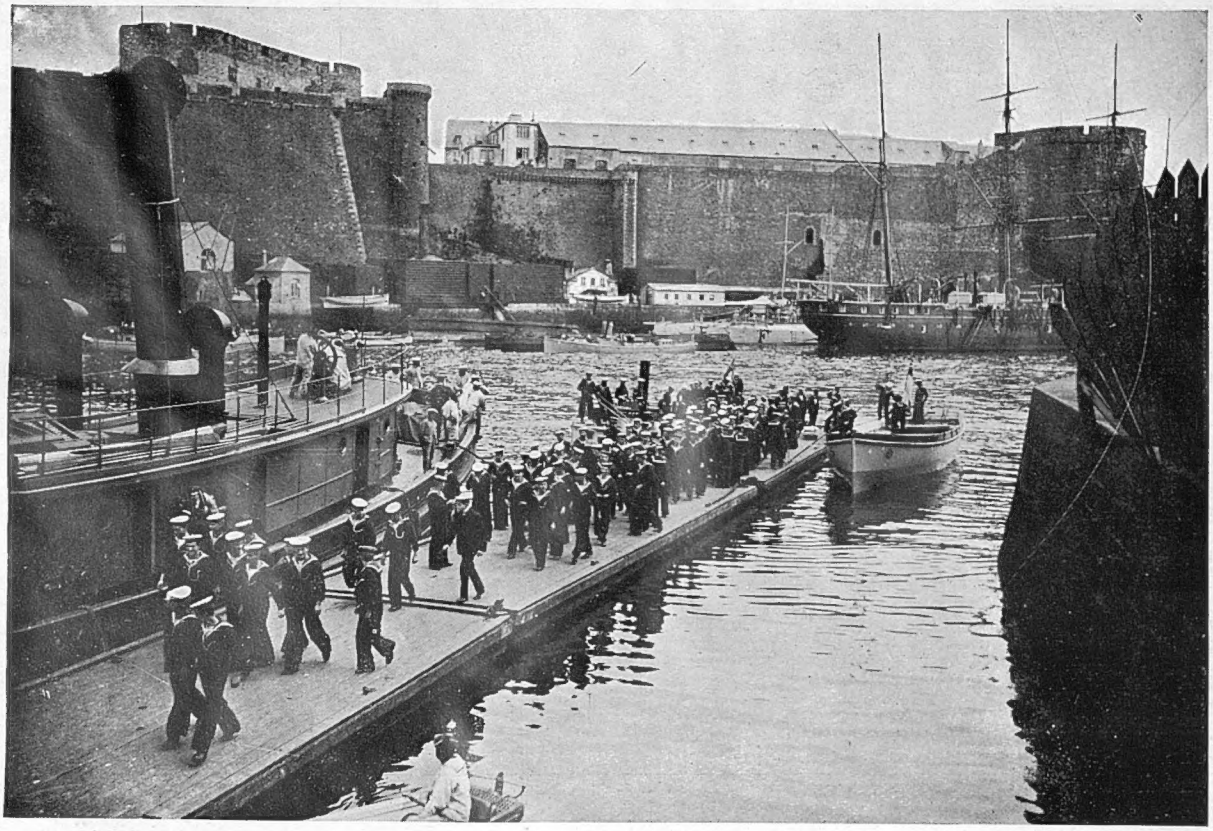
More eventful cricket than that seen at Lord's on Saturday has rarely been played in the Eton and Harrow matches. After the first day's play it looked as if the match were an "easy thing" for Eton, but owing to the splendid batting of J. Reunert, the Harrovian left-handed batsman, who scored 92 in his second innings (85 in sixty-five minutes!), Eton were hard put to make a draw of it



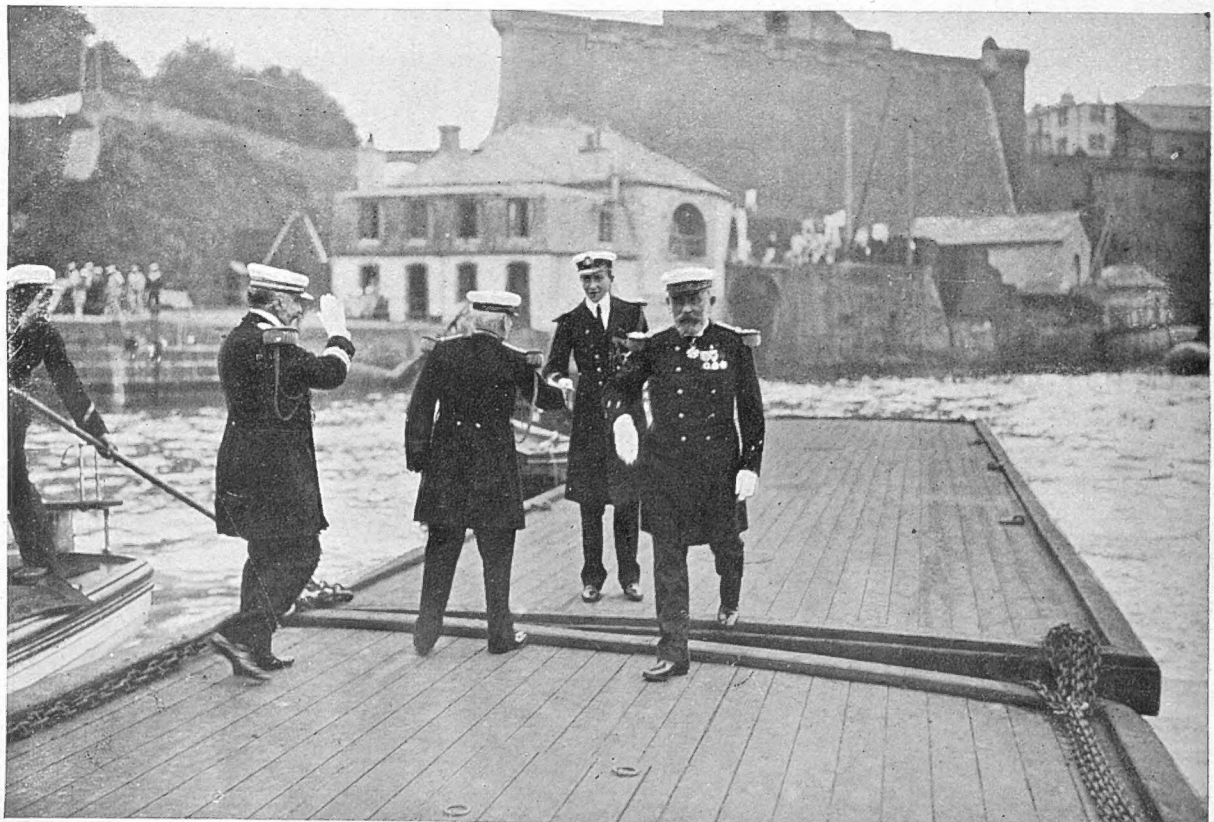
Photos by **The scene at Lord's during the luncheon interval** *Baker and Dixon*

The scene during the luncheon interval, after the necessary attention had been devoted to "ices and strawberries and phantasies of fowls and fishes," to use the words of a contemporary, was a singularly beautiful one. "Dresses of the tenderest shades of pink and blue, and parasols as delicately tinted, made the whole place in the luncheon hour like a field of moving flowers"

The Naval Festivities at Brest



A contingent of Jack Tars disembarking at the harbour landing-stage, Brest

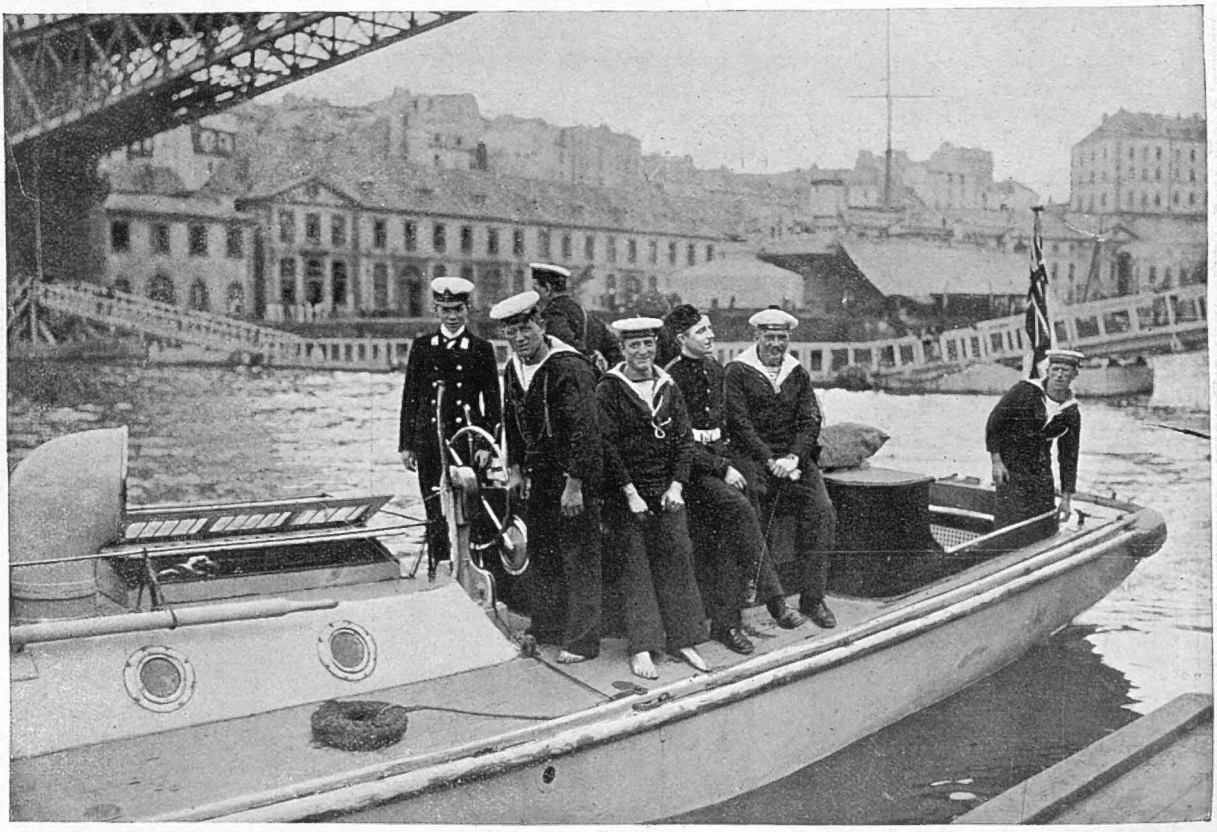


Photos by *M. Rol and Cie*

Vice-Admiral Caillard, the Commandant of the French Northern Squadron, lands to take part in the festivities

The Naval Festivities at Brest

The French Naval Attaché put off for H.M.S. "King Edward VII."



Photos by *M. Rol and Cie*

No time is lost by Jack Tar in making friends with his hosts

PEOPLE OF THE HOUR

Prince Charles of Denmark

When, exactly nine years ago, Prince Charles of Denmark was married to King Edward's youngest daughter, few of those who witnessed the gay procession, and admired the pretty and popular Princess Maud and her handsome bridegroom, could have guessed that within a decade they would be offered the throne of a European kingdom. Though very little is known of the Prince's administrative abilities, he has always been popular, particularly in England, where his keen sportsmanship has doubtless commended him. The mere fact of his occupying a high position as acting-commander of a warship in the Danish Navy is sufficient to inspire a considerable degree of confidence in his sagacity and good judgment, particularly among a people so devoted to the sea as the Norwegians. Born some thirty-three years ago, he is in the very prime and vigour of life, and is one of the handsomest of European princes.

Photo by *Thomson*

H.R.H. The Princess of Wales

To whom THE BYSTANDER offers congratulations on the birth of another son

Sir William Mulock

Sir William Mulock, K.C.M.G., Postmaster-General of Canada, who has been conferring with the Government respecting special cable arrangements which the Imperial and Colonial Governments are interested in, is best known in this country as being the one to whom special credit is due for securing the adoption of the Imperial Penny Postage policy a few years ago. He has made a reputation in Canada as an administrator, within the last few years, such as falls to the lot of few public men. When Sir Wilfrid Laurier formed his Cabinet in 1896, the then Mr. Mulock became Postmaster-General. He took hold of the Department, in which there was a deficit of about £120,000, and, in a few years, succeeded in effecting such a change in the administration that the difference between the revenue and the expenditure showed a surplus of over £100,000.

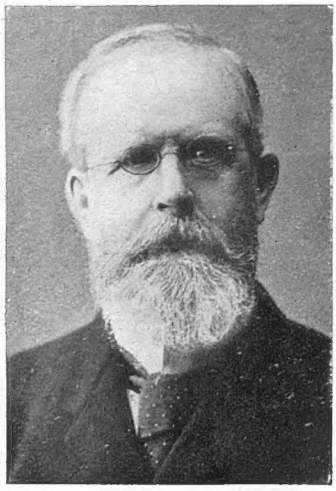
Of Interest to Huntingdon Folk

The engagement now announced of Miss Sturges and Mr. George Montagu, M.P., is one of more than usual interest. Mr. Montagu has represented Huntingdon as a Conservative since 1900, although, we believe, it is not his intention to seek re-election. He is the son of Rear-Admiral The Hon. Victor Montagu, and his mother, Lady Agneta Yorke, daughter of the fourth Earl of Hardwicke, was one of Queen Alexandra's bridesmaids. Mr. Montagu is a very charming companion, and is one of the staunchest of friends. He is a well-known authority on railway

Photo by *Enebrettiget*

Prince Charles of Denmark

Who, as a result of the severance of the Union between Sweden and Norway, has been offered the throne of the latter country



Sir William Mulock, K.C.M.G.

The Postmaster-General of Canada, who has been in this country conferring with the Home Government on some special cable arrangements

Photo by *Elliott and Fry*

Mr. Keir Hardie, M.P.

The hard-working Labour Member, and champion of the unemployed, who startled the House last week by referring to the Ministerial Party as "well-fed beasts"

Two Notable Forthcoming Weddings

Photos by *H. Walter Barnett*

Miss C. Orr-Ewing **Mr. E. Lockhart-Maxwell**

Whose wedding is expected to take place shortly

matters, is a member of the staff of *The Car*, and is an ardent sportsman, being especially keen on golf.

Miss Sturges is the daughter of Mrs. Legett and step-daughter of Mr. Legett, of New York, and is a big heiress in her own right. She has been seen at most of the smart parties this season, and is a devotee of the Opera. Miss Sturges and her mother are very busy with the trousseaux, for the wedding is to take place on the 25th of this month.

Of Interest to Surrey Folk

In the neighbourhood of the pretty old Surrey town of Guildford, much interest is felt in the engagement of Mr. Eustace Lockhart-Maxwell and Miss Christian Orr-Ewing. The bridegroom-elect is an officer in the Prince of Wales's Own, 11th Bengal Lancers, and his father, Mr. Thomas Lockhart-Maxwell, is the owner of Gildo.n Grange, one of the prettiest properties in the beautiful stretch of country near Guildford. Miss Orr-Ewing's own father was a member of the well-known family of that name, and she is a step-daughter of the late Captain Macfarlane, of the Black Watch. The marriage is expected to take place shortly.

Photo by *Beresford* *Photo by* *H. Walter Barnett*

Mr. George Montagu, M.P. **Miss Alberta Sturges**

Whose wedding will take place on the 25th of this month

A Modern Mercury

A Novel Experiment

It will, no doubt, be many years before moderns can expect to emulate the feats of Perseus of old by flying through the air. Yet, at least, we can use the idea of winged heels in another element, as Mr. James McEvoy recently proved when he caused no small amount of excitement recently among the people who were waiting on the Embankment, near Charing Cross Bridge, to see the Prince of Wales go by. About 1.30, dressed in a weird-looking coat, and equipped with appliances resembling wings upon his heels, Mr. McEvoy was seen to get out of a small boat lying in mid-stream, and to everybody's astonishment, instead of sinking at once he commenced to make his way up stream, in an upright position, and only half submerged. The opinion of the crowds was that Mr. McEvoy was in some mysterious way a competitor in a race with an L.C.C. steamboat. But it was seen that this idea was erroneous, for on arriving at Westminster, apparently satisfied with his experiment, he left the water. The coat was then seen to be equipped with an air belt, and this, of course, accounted for the inventor's upright position. The wings, which expand and close, almost on the same principle as a duck's foot, proved an excellent method of propulsion. The inventor had such faith in his appliances that, although no swimmer, he boldly took his chances of success. The idea should prove a boon to sportsmen when duck shooting, while as a life-saving apparatus, it seems to possess many

Mr. James McEvoy

Who recently startled Thames-siders by walking in the water from Charing Cross to Westminster Bridge

Photo by] **An echo of the Gordon Bennett** [*Topical Agency*

M. Brasier (the designer of the winning motor) congratulates M. Michelin (the maker of the winning tyres)

Twenty Years with the Queen's Westminsters

advantages, among them being compactness and portability.

Brasier Shakes Hands with Michelin

Michelin, the great tyre maker, and Brasier, the successful designer, congratulate one another. From the mechanical point of view, the pair are the heroes of the Gordon Bennett. The history of the great Michelin firm is the history of all the great French races. To-day's product of the great factories at Clermont-Ferrand is the result of numberless experiments, of splendid patience, of determination to win success. Brasier, who, in the earlier days, was responsible for the design of the successful racing Mors, lost none of his old cunning when he joined the George Richard firm. That he should twice have been the man to create the car that captured the Gordon Bennett is a true testimony to his mastery of the problem of the petrol racer. He and M. Michelin are worthy representatives of he great French automobile industry. In both cases, it would be true to apply the old definition of genius—a capacity for taking infinite pains.

Photo by *Russell and Son*

Col. Sir Howard Vincent

Who was recently presented by his old Volunteer Corps, the Queen's Westminsters, with a lion cast in solid silver

A Veteran Volunteer

The retirement of Sir C. E. Howard Vincent, after twenty years' command of the 13th Middlesex Volunteers, better known as the Queen's Westminsters, is a matter of great regret. Last week, his old corps gave a banquet in his honour, at which Lord Roberts and Major-General Baden-Powell were present. Colonel Vincent is a believer in the strenuous life, for, besides his interest and active support of the Volunteer movement, he was for six years the Director of the Criminal Investigation Department, he founded the United Empire Trade League, has been Vice-Chairman of the Primrose League Grand Council, a Member of the L.C.C. and of the Board of Works, and was the British delegate at the Anti-Anarchist Conference at Rome in 1898. The regimental presentation took the form of a lion cast in solid silver, and a beautiful amethyst and brilliant tiara was presented to Lady Vincent.

Photo by *Fradelle and Young*

The banquet and presentation held by the Queen's Westminsters in honour of Col. Sir Howard Vincent

Sir Howard Vincent, who was associated with the Queen's Westminsters for over twenty years, retired last year from his command, to the great regret of everybody in the corps. At the banquet, seen in our illustration, Lord Roberts and Major-General Baden-Powell were present

"Many Happy Returns, Doctor!"

(JULY 18, 1848)

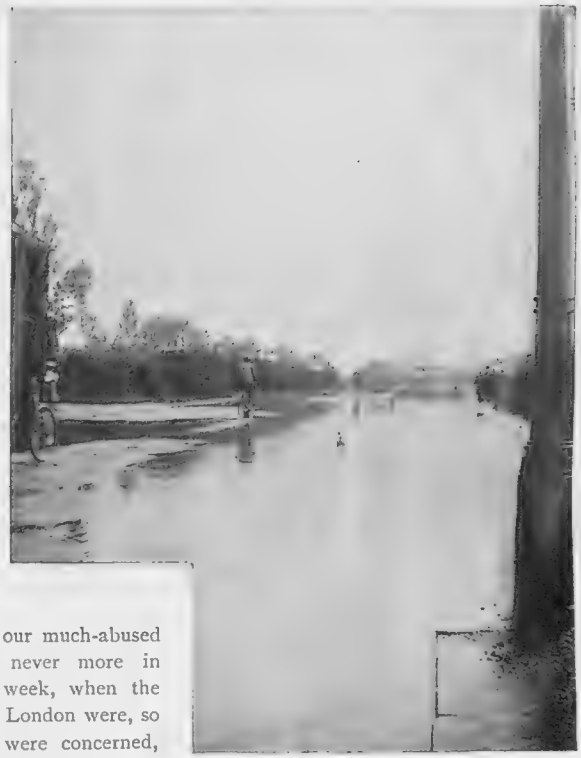
"What if some wrinkles now take leases
Upon his brow? He's used to creases!
And, young in muscle, soon shall laugh
At sixty on Time's Telegraph.
This Toast, good comrades, let us quaff—
Three figures on his Telegraph!"

With apologies to Mr. Norman Gale, rom whose new volume, "More Cricket Songs," just published by Mr. Alston Rivers, the above lines, slightly altered, are taken

DRAWN BY LEO MUNRO

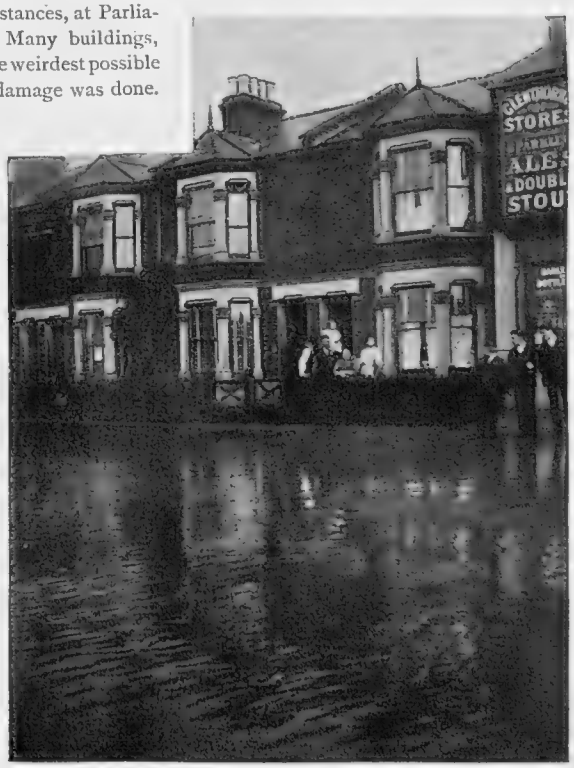
Flooded London: Our Venetian Suburbs

Children standing on the marge of a temporary lake at Enfield



Aquatic cycling in the neighbourhood of Enfield

THE vagaries of our much-abused climate were never more in evidence than last week, when the Northern suburbs of London were, so far as water-ways were concerned, turned into a sort of modern Venice. And while this was happening, the sun was smiling his cheerfullest along the river, and at Hampton Court, Sunbury, Shepperton, as well as in the Southern parts of the Metropolis, the weather was at its best. The lightning which accompanied the downpour was freakish in its ravages, killing two people, a man and his little girl, in extraordinary circumstances, at Parliament Hill Fields. Many buildings, too, were struck in the weirdest possible manner, and much damage was done.



Photos by *Illustrations Bureau*

Two streets at Ponder's End which were turned into navigable water-ways by last week's deluge

The World of Entertainment

The exposition of the great American Trust by "Gareth" in the *Referee* still challenges the attention of the thinking. The writer speaks out boldly, and does not mince matters when referring to the position of Mr. Charles Frohman in England. It certainly is absurd to regard the moving spirit of the American Theatrical Trust as a dual personality—a rampant lion in America and a gentle lamb in England. As I remarked last week, the Trust gained their present stronghold in America by plausible and specious methods. They commenced by making themselves out, not the enemy, but the friend of the actor, the dramatist, and the public. It is more reasonable to suppose that they are now employing in England the tactics they found so successful in America, than that they find the English market too difficult to "rig," and, debarred from acting the rôle of tyrants, are content to appear as a syndicated Mæcenas, ruled by the spirit to protect and encourage dramatic art in this country.

Photo by *Ellis and Walery*

Miss May Charteris

As she appears in *Lady Madcap* at the Prince of Wales's

A Doubtful Remedy

"Gareth" on the symptoms of the disease is excellent. When, however, he proceeds to expound a remedy, he does not inspire the same confidence. Thrusting aside the managers, the leading actors, and the public, he holds up the dramatist as the only saviour of the situation. "Why should not the dramatists of England and America combine?" he demands. Well, in the first place, it is difficult to see how a combination of English and American dramatists would be effective in defeating a power, the dangerous operations of which are confined to the English stage alone. In America, the Trust have won their victory over the little handful of native dramatists. So that their influence in the combination would not be very helpful to their English *confrères*.

"Gareth" seeks to prove his case for the suggested syndicate of dramatists by holding forth upon the well-known power of the Society of Dramatic Authors in France. It seems to me, that something like a revolution must take place before a body of English authors can hope to emulate the triumphs of their French brothers of the pen. You must first catch your dramatic author before considering him as a unit in a powerful combination. The present roll of English playwrights, eminent as some of them are, would have to be well drilled in order to fight such a foe as the American Theatrical Trust, with a succession of victories lasting over a decade, and with the stage of a great nation in their possession. The conditions across the Channel are very different from those which exist in England. In France, you can always whistle up a dramatic author; in England, you have to go and look for him with a lantern. It seems idle to hold out the record of French dramatists as the standard of achievement for a similar body in a country in which the adapter of foreign plays is so indispensable for supplying the needs of the market. Considering that the English stage has been crying out for recruits to the ranks of the playwrights for so many years, one cannot fall in with the view of "Gareth" that it is to a combination of dramatists that we must look to as our deliverers from the baneful influence of the Trust. When the "coming dramatist" has reached his goal, a David Society may be formed for the purpose of slaying the American Goliath. Until then, the would-be dramatist, like Sutro before his "arrival," must continue to knock at the door; the playgoing public must go on bully-ragging the actor-manager for his want of courage in not producing new plays by unknown authors; the excellent societies for the discovery of budding genius must continue their labours. And when the millennium has arrived, it will be time to talk of forging a lance with which to tilt at the Trust. E. C. S.

His Majesty's Theatre

In the old days it was customary for an actor-manager, in response to loud calls, to appear before the curtain on the last night of the season, and, after thanking them for past support, to outline his plans for the coming season. Mr. Tree has gone one better than that. In place of promises, he turns his last night into a first night, thus giving the audience an opportunity of sampling the wares with which he will regale them when the season opens again. The production of *Oliver Twist* places beyond any question the success which will attend the re-opening of His Majesty's Theatre in September.

Photo by *Lizzie Caswall Smith*

Miss Sybil Carlisle, who played Rose Maylie in "Oliver Twist" on the last night at His Majesty's Theatre

Mr. Tree has announced his intention of commencing his season early in September with Mr. Comyns Carr's dramatisation of *Oliver Twist*, in which he will play the powerful rôle of Fagin

Matters Musical

"Madama Butterfly"

Puccini has won such a reputation as an operatic composer, that the production of a new opera, written by him, compels the attention of musical London, and it is pleasant to hear that *Madama Butterfly* marks a distinct advance even on the composer's popular *Manon Lescaut* and *La Bohême*. A point that will strike English music-lovers, however, is that this subject, originally written by an American, and enjoying as a play a considerable success in England, much of which was due, we venture to think, to its essentially American treatment, should have had to be rewritten in Italian, and set to music by an Italian composer, before it was deemed a sufficiently safe speculation to produce it in England. Imagine an Italian composer dealing with a purely Japanese incident written in English! At first sight, it appears ludicrous, nd it certainly marks one more opportunity lost to British composers. But the fact remains that had an English writer succeeded in producing an artistic result, (and this is open to some doubt, so few are the English composers whose talents seem to lie in the direction of opera), and had Covent Garden been so courageous as to undertake its representation in English, the opera would have started heavily handicapped; whereas, blessed with a thrice foreign origin, it bids fair to take a permanent place in the repertory at the Royal Opera House. So great is the virtue at once credited to everything foreign, particularly in the matter of music! This is not to say that Signor Puccini has not done his work well. On the contrary, if the critics are to be believed, he has succeeded remarkably well in catching the spirit of the affair, and what is, perhaps, of equal importance at Covent Garden, he has written a part which exactly suits the prima donna.

Photo by *Johnston and Hoffman*

Fraulein Destinn

Who created the name-part in *Madama Butterfly* at Covent Garden

Fraulein Destinn

Fräulein Destinn triumphed no less as an actress than as a singer, and succeeded in infusing a great deal of conviction into the pathetic part of "Madame Butterfly." This is not the first success which has fallen to her share this season, for, owing to Mme. Calvé's absence, she took the principal part in *Carmen*, and won great applause therein, and she has also been appearing in *Aïda* and *The Huguenots*.

A Question of a License

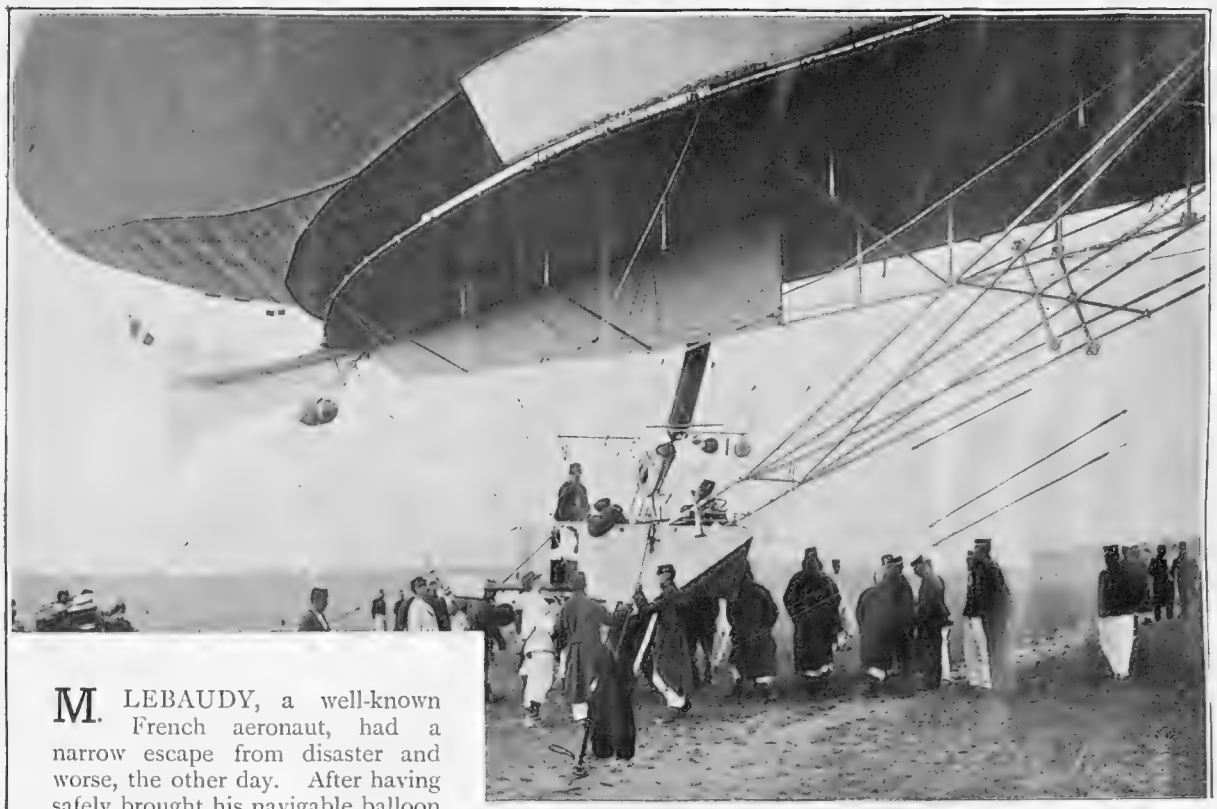
The appearance of the small girl violinist, Vivien Chartres, gains additional interest from the fact that it was apropos of her first concert, some two months ago, that Mr. Vert, her agent, was fined for not obtaining a special license for her, owing to her being under eleven years of age. It will be remembered that, close upon this incident followed the sudden death of Mr. Vert, and popular rumour was not slow in suggesting that it was the strain imposed upon him which accelerated, if it did not actually cause, his decease. Be that as it may, it is certain that the police made themselves very ridiculous in objecting to the child's appearance on the score of cruelty, for she herself preserved a provoking cheerfulness when questioned by the magistrate, and affirmed, not only that she did not mind appearing in public, but that she would actually like to do so again.

Musical Piracy

The doom of the music pirate draws near. *Mr. Punch's* tame poet sings his untimely demise, and in condemning him "to be hanged with a common chord," resolves on a suspension, which, however irregular, will doubtless commend itself to the publishers. In other words, the Government has at last found an opportunity of introducing a Bill "to provide further remedies for preventing the infringement of musical copyright." This measure authorises the immediate confiscation of all copies of musical works produced without the consent of the owner of the copyright, and the infliction of heavy fines on the persons in whose possession such copies or plates are found, and also the granting of search warrants in respect of premises where such fraudulent productions are suspected to be warehoused. The question is a large one, and we hope to deal with it in a future issue, but at the first glance it would seem that this Bill, if it once becomes law, will tend to make thorny the way of the *producer* of pirated music, whom hitherto it has been found somewhat difficult to unearth.

H. F.

The Perils of Aerial Navigation



M. LEBAUDY, a well-known French aeronaut, had a narrow escape from disaster and worse, the other day. After having safely brought his navigable balloon from La Ferte-sous-Jonarre, he was just anchoring at Chalons Camp with the help of the soldiers there, when a sudden gust of wind tore the balloon from its moorings and dashed it against some trees in the neighbourhood. The soldiers, who were attempting to hold it down, were carried for some distance with it in its flight, but, luckily, they received nothing worse than bruises.

(1) M. Lebaudy anchoring his balloon with the aid of the soldiers at Chalons Camp

(2) The wrecked balloon after the wind had torn it from its moorings and dashed it against some trees

Photos by *Branger*

A QUAINT PARISIAN CEREMONY

A Court of Love

Every year, on the first Sunday in July, the Félibres of Paris, upholders of the cult of the Langue d'Oc of Old Provence, elect a President and Queen, and in their company go out to the green shades of Sceaux, where, in accordance with tradition, they crown Florian's bust with laurel wreaths, make speeches in both Provençal and French, and hold a Court of Love. More interest than usual was taken this year in the pretty ceremonial, owing to M. Pelletan's election as President, and several hundred Provençaux collected at the little station near the Gardens of the Luxembourg, where, before going to the country, they had laid a few flowers round the statue of George Sand, who was a patroness of Félibrige. Gymnasts in snow-white costumes, belted with red and blue, and the Sceaux fire brigade's brass band, met M. Pelletan and his fellow poets at Sceaux station, and thence, with Queen Marguerite Bonet, on M. Pelletan's arm, a charming Arlésienne, dressed in the national costume of Provence's capital of Arles, the Félibres paid their devoirs to Florian, and marched off to the Sceaux court-room to listen to the speeches. When these were over, the party adjourned to a glade close by, where all had been made ready for the Court of Love, a court in which the counsel sang their speeches to pianoforte accompaniment. Dinner and then dancing followed, and as the sun set, both the landscape and the dancers were enfolded in the soft embrace of a mellow twilight which heralded the close of a happy day.

Mdlle. Marguerite Bonet, the Queen of the Félibres, crowning the bust of Theodore Aubanel

Aubanel was a famous Provençal playwright and lyric poet, who wrote in the Langue d'Oc, or Provençal, or Southern French dialect, so called from its use of *oc* instead of the Northern *oui* for "yes"

Arrival at Sceaux Station of M. and Mme. Pelletan (centre), and the Queen of the Felibres with bouquet on the arm of the Mayor of Sceaux

The object of this "Court of Love" is to pay tribute to the many eminent Provençal poets and writers. In fact, the Parisian ceremony, though not so elaborate, has been instituted for a purpose similar to that of the Welsh Eisteddfod, namely, the preservation of an old language rich in literature, but which is in danger of total oblivion in these hurried times

Journeying to the Provencal "Court of Love"

M. Pelletan, with the Queen of the Félibres, Mdlle. Marguerite Bonet, a charming Arlésienne, on his arm, leads the procession on its way to Sceaux to do honour to famous poets of the Provencal tongue

More interest than usual was taken this year in the quaint proceedings of the Félibres, owing to the fact that M. Pelletan, the Minister of Marine Affairs in France, was elected President of the Society. Every seven years the Society meets at Arles, in Old Provence, and the proceedings then are of a much more elaborate description

CONCERNING MR. G. L. JESSOP

(NO. 84 OF THE SERIES)

That enthusiastic poet of the great game, Mr. E. V. Lucas, has somewhere written that

> Where'er you may be,
> 'Neath the Jack flying free,
> Some Briton you'll light on whose dearest of hopes
> Is to bang a full-pitcher clean over the ropes.

It is true; and it is also true that the Briton will be acquainted with the name and fame of Gilbert Laird Jessop, who has played some of the most extraordinary cricket ever seen, and will, in all human probability, play some more. That Briton, too, will very likely be found to have a strong opinion on the policy of the Selection Committee in leaving Jessop out of the team for the Test Matches—but that is a very vexed question which we need not touch here. Besides, he is pretty sure to find a place in one of the teams yet.

It was in 1896 that he made a hit in the Freshmen's Match at Cambridge—several hits, to be quite accurate: he scored 102 and 23, and took seven wickets for 84. Since then, making hits has been his speciality. Nobody had ever been so busy with a bat before as "The Croucher" became after his introduction to first-class cricket. Crowds, frantic with delight, attempted in vain to follow the motions of his lightning style as he put on the runs at the rate of 150 an hour; and he has been in the proud position of being the supreme and undoubted "draw" of a cricketing season.

He did great things for Cambridge from 1896 to 1899, when his bowling used to be a fearful thing. Oxford is proud of being the home of lost causes: but to part with six wickets for 26 runs in one innings (as in 1898) to one Cambridge bowler was thought to be pushing the thing too far. He was captain of the University team in 1899, and was already a pillar of the Gloucestershire eleven — in 1897 he made 101 for them in forty minutes. That same season for the first time he made over one thousand runs and took over one hundred wickets: and he repeated that covetable performance in 1900.

But Jessop is not one of those who allow cricket to monopolise their whole lives. He realises that existence, after all, holds something besides: so he plays Rugby football, with an *abandon* all his own, when the time comes round; and he kept goal for Cambridge on the hockey field. At the University, too, he carried off the challenge-cue at billiards. Nor is that all. He has done something on the Stock Exchange, and is one of the few men connected with that institution who have been schoolmasters — for he instructed youth (an unusual thing) before he went to Cambridge. There are some boys beginning the world now who reflect with awe that they once drank knowledge from the fount supplied by the biggest smiter of the century.

In these latter days he has returned to the Republic of Letters. He is the *Daily Mail's* cricket expert, and among his titles counts that of Captain of the *Mail* cricket-club. He is also, by the way, Captain of the Gloucestershire County C.C. The career that has carried him to these twin pinnacles of fame was shaped from the beginning: for his cricket education began, as everyone's should, in the back-garden, at ten years of age. He was born, thirty-one years ago, in the County of which he is now Captain —a post fortunate in having been filled in succession by two of the most remarkable cricketers in the history of the game.

The Sun-Girls

Fashioned from a cliff of bracken—this a secret, fairy bay—
Laughing children only know it—but to you I'll show the way.
Over stiles and pretty runnels, sinking moss and daffodils,
To the waterway that straggles, to the sea-light from the hills.

Into pool and puddle dipping,
Where the baby fishes hide—
Over scented brambles tripping—
Crushing flowers in the stride.
All the echoes slyly cried,
"You may travel far and wide,
"Running, riding, walking, skipping,
"But you'll never find the tide."

Diving deftly thro' the bushes—now the light has found your eyes—
Just a sweep of olive bracken, yellow sand, and sapphire skies—
Shelving terraces of brushwood—and the path the children know
Is that tiny sandy ripple—but to-day you must not go.

From the rocks a towel streaming—
Distant chatter from the strand—
Now a figure whitely gleaming,
Running lithely o'er the sand.
Laughing maidens hand in hand—
Dark and fair—a lovely band—
And the golden sunshine beaming
On the gaily coloured land.

Strangely now the children's whiteness shames the glitter of the crests—
And the graceful waves are gentler as they take them to their breasts.
In the surf the maidens frolic—fancy-free to race and play—
Panting on the yellow sand banks—shaking off the clinging spray.

Limpid water sweetly plashing
Kisses white and timid girls—
And the jealous sun is flashing—
Lovely plants the sea unfurls—
And the summer land-wind whirls
Dainty riot in their curls—
On the shingle gaily clashing,
Froth and green and satin pearls.

So you're peeping at the picture—but you must not come again—
For the children found it only, and with them it must remain.
Now they're climbing, fresh and rosy, thro' the thick and stubborn fern,
And the ripples are so sulky—but they know they will return.

Sunny maidens tripping lightly
Over gorse and yellow loam—
With the sunshine painting brightly
Curls that never knew a comb.
Sweetly sunburnt now they roam
From the shingle and the foam—
In the distance shining whitely—
To the ecstasy of home.

MACDONALD HASTINGS.

"The Croucher"

DRAWN BY FRANK GILLETT

AT BISLEY: Two Crack Colonial Teams

The Team of Transvaalers

The men chosen to shoot for the Transvaal were picked out for their record and war reputation, and many of them carry marks and memories of Ladysmith. Lieut.-Colonel Dalrymple, of the Scottish Horse, has come over with them. As was to be expected, they are doing well in the various competitions

Photos by *Illustrations Bureau*

The Canadian Team

Sergeant Kerr, of the Canadians, evidently thinks no more of making a "bull" than of lighting his pipe. Last week, at two hundred yards, he made twenty "bulls" running before he was pulled up with an inner. There is, of course, keen competition among the members of the various Colonial teams, and, as the standard is high, some very fine scores are the result

The Champion Shot of the Army

Photo by *Illustrat ons Bureau*

Sergt.-Major Instructor C. W. Churcher (Hythe School of Musketry)

Winner of the Army Rifle Association's Gold Medal

AT BISLEY: The Winner of Two Big Prizes

Lieut. Rankin, 6th V.B. Royal Scots

Who won two big prizes (the Bass and Edge) in one day, with scores of 140 and 133 respectively, out of a possible 150

Photos by *Illustrations Bureau*

Mrs. Chapman, of the North London Rifle Club, on the firing line

Mrs. Way, of Johannesburg, is, of course, one of the picturesque personalities at this year's Bisley, and we are glad to note that an Englishwoman has entered the lists against her Colonial sister

Experimenting with the Hypergon

Taking sight over a grass bank by means of the Hypergon

This instrument, as will be seen, enables a marksman, by means of carefully adjusted mirrors, to shoot round a corner, so to speak, without being seen. The marksman, in our illustration, is quite able to take perfect sight by this means without the possibility of being seen by a possible enemy

Photos by *Gale and Polden*

Snapshot of a Colonial "attitude"

One of the wonderful things, to the uninitiated who visit Bisley, is the remarkable attitudes taken up by the competitors. Our Colonial friend in the photograph, who is practising with the hypergon, appears to have learned something from "kopje" experiences, judging by his "slimness"

OUR SHORT STORY

A BATTLE AT BRIDGE

By EDGAR JEPSON

Miss Barraclough came down the great staircase of Gray Mount on very light feet. The world shone very bright in her eyes: as bright as it shines in the eyes of a young girl stepping for the first time over its threshold with a heart full of expectations of romance. Miss Barraclough was not a young girl; she had spent the best nine years of her life, the years from nineteen to twenty-eight, in nursing her invalid father. She did not grudge those years. Her devotion to the sick man had never flagged. But a year ago death had ended that labour of love, and she had come to her cousin's (Lady Scoupe's) house-party with an appetite for enjoyment whetted by long deprivation. She was enjoying with a whole-hearted enjoyment the full, vivid life among these gay friends.

She came downstairs that morning, therefore, her mind full of anticipations of another delightful day. Just before she passed a bend in the staircase, while she was still out of sight of anyone in the hall, she caught the words, drawled in Sir Sylvester Lepel's most supercilious tone: "*Passée*, my good chap—*passée*—not at all in my line. I like them young."

The blood flamed in Miss Barraclough's cheeks. Instinct told her that he was speaking of her; for her twenty-nine years made her two years older than any of the unmarried women in the party. She stood still for two minutes to let the flush ebb away, then went on down the stairs to find, as she had expected, that Sir Sylvester Lepel had been speaking to the last man she could have wished, John Blount, the South African explorer; the man she had found the most interesting of all her cousin's friends.

She greeted the two men, however, with an unembarrassed smile; and they followed her into the breakfast-room. Blount busied himself supplying her wants; but Lepel's words had begun to rankle, and she fancied that already he showed less eager alacrity in his care of her. Once she saw Lepel smile at him superciliously, and he seemed to her a little depressed by it. She maintained a perfect lack of self-consciousness, but found it by no means easy; and she was relieved when three or four guests joined them, since they distracted attention from her. She did not hurry over her breakfast; but it seemed to her interminable, so anxious was she to get to her glass and satisfy herself of the untruth of the accusation

As soon as she could, she hurried upstairs, and flew to her mirror. The result of her scrutiny was somewhat reassuring, though she was bound to admit that she was biased in the matter. A close and minute inspection showed her that nine years trying devotion to an invalid had marked a few very faint lines on her forehead, but she was sure that it had not dimmed the freshness of her clear complexion or the brightness of her eyes. Indeed, when she thought of the complexions of her cousin and her friends, she declared to herself that she had the best of it. She was right; for their skins had been exposed to the withering strain of half a dozen seasons, while she had always enjoyed her beauty sleep with an excellent regularity.

She came downstairs greatly relieved; but the world shone by no means as bright as it had done in her eyes. She was fearful of the effect on Blount of Sir Sylvester's sneer. Blount had spent as many years exploring the ends of the world as she had spent nursing her father. He was as fresh to this world of light-hearted pleasure-hunters as she herself; and she knew that he regarded Sir Sylvester with an infinite respect as the final arbiter of the elegances; that he was forming himself on that model, assuming Sir Sylvester's social attitude; that he attached the greatest weight to his opinion.

Feeling that she had lost value in his eyes, she became unconsciously on her guard against him. She abated something of the friendliness with which she had been treating him, drew into herself, and showed herself less in sympathy with him.

To do him justice, Blount had not been a whit affected by Lepel's sneer: it had impaired, rather, the value of Lepel's judgment in his eyes. He was willing enough to take that expert's opinion on the social trifles which are of so great importance in their sphere; but, in the matter of Miss Barraclough, he was taking no one's opinion but his own. He had satisfied himself that, though she might be, as Lepel had told him, twenty-nine years old, she was infinitely fresher and younger in spirit than most of the girls of twenty he had met since his return to civilisation and his incursion into the polite world with his exploring laurels thick on his brow. He admired her beauty, and more than admired the charm of her keen and ingenuous spirit.

He was taken aback, therefore, when he found that she had withdrawn the light of her countenance from him. If he had been less interested in her, he might never have noticed that she had done so; for, to all outward seeming, it shone upon him with undiminished brightness. She seemed as ready to talk to him, or for that matter, to let him monopolise her, she seemed as charming to him as ever; but their friendship had lost the intimate quality which had made it so delightful to him. He felt the loss bitterly, without being able to guess how it had come about. The difference was so delicate that he could not, as his natural directness of nature would have bidden him, ask her why he had forfeited her more intimate sympathy.

(All rights strictly reserved)
(Continued on page 134)

"All the World's a Stage"

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE—ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM HEATH ROBINSON

(A "strange, eventful history," to be continued weekly)

(*Continued from page 132*)

He grew dissatisfied and restless, and he took refuge from his uneasiness of spirit in playing bridge for a good deal higher stakes, when Sir Sylvester was his opponent, than were good for him. Indeed, Lepel's sneer at Miss Barraclough had been provoked even more by the desire that Blount should not be interrupted in the expensive bridge lessons he was taking from him, by the absorption of his time which would follow his engagement to Miss Barraclough, than by the fact that she had shown herself not a little obtuse to his own extreme attractiveness.

Lepel was a very fine bridge player. But it chanced that Miss Barraclough was, if anything, a finer. Whist and then bridge had been the one recreation, or rather passion, of her father. Several of the best players in London had made up his rubber three or four times a week; and his daughter, who had at first played only as a stop-gap, when one of the invited players failed to come, had, for the last four years of his life, played regularly with them. She was not long in discovering that Lepel was winning heavily from Blount. They always settled up at the end of an afternoon's or evening's play on the basis of the shilling points, which the rest of the party played. But it did not escape her quick eye that after they had been opponents in a rubber, before the next rubber began, both of them would make an entry in his betting book. Once or twice, indeed, she heard Blount sigh when a heavy rubber had gone against him; and once she had heard him say to Lepel, "Shall we double the stakes again?" And Lepel nodded.

Since Blount seemed to win about one in every five rubbers he played against Lepel, she had no doubt which way the game was going. Her suspicion that Blount was losing heavily was confirmed by the growing restlessness of his manner, and by the air of depression which he wore at the end of an evening after the luck had gone persistently against him in the rubbers in which he had opposed Lepel. She was very sorry for him, and once or twice, insensibly, let fall the barrier she had raised between them.

Then one afternoon, as they were strolling up and down the lawn, waiting for another couple to come out and make up a four at tennis, he was looking so downcast that she could not refrain from saying, "You're looking very unhappy. Haven't you—Haven't you been losing heavily at bridge to Sir Sylvester?"

Blount shrugged his shoulders, and said indifferently, "Oh, yes; that among other things. I've been hit pretty hard."

"I'm so sorry," she said.

He turned and looked at her hard. Beyond all doubting, her face was full of sympathy. On the instant he threw aside his dejection, and said with his old alertness, "I wonder how sorry you are. How sorry are you?"

Miss Barraclough's eyes dropped before his intense scrutiny, and she said in a low voice, "I'm very sorry."

"I wonder how much that means. It was a good deal your fault."

"My fault?" she cried. "How my fault?"

"Well, at first we were such good friends, and I began to think—or rather, I began to dream. Then, for some reason or other, you grew less friendly, and I couldn't make out why. But I couldn't stand it, so I played bridge with Lepel a bit too high for me."

"That was foolish—there was no reason—I didn't do anything of the kind," she said, not very intelligibly.

"What?" cried Blount. "Do you really mean—Do you really mean there was no reason?" Then he checked himself, and said gloomily, "I'm afraid it's a bit too late; I shall have to go back to Africa to put in another five years of that beastly rubber gathering."

"I am sorry," said Miss Barraclough.

"I'm a good deal more than sorry; and if I'd only thought—if I had only dreamed that you might—that there was no reason to——well, I shouldn't have played the fool like this."

"Is it—is it so very bad?"

"It would need a very big win indeed to put me straight."

The other couple came on to the lawn, and put an end to their talk; and they set about their tennis.

Miss Barraclough was doubly distressed by Blount's admissions. She was bitterly sorry that he was going into exile again; and her sorrow was increased by the thought that she was to some extent the cause of it—if only she hadn't allowed Sir Sylvester Lepel's sneer to influence her! Between tennis and dinner she sat in her room pondering the matter, forming and rejecting scheme after scheme for restoring his fortunes. When dinner time came, she had found nothing practicable, and went down with a heavy heart.

After dinner, with very little delay, they went to their bridge. They were just about to break up to their different tables when Miss Barraclough said, with a pretty flush on her face, "Stop! I make a challenge. Mr. Blount and I will play a match against any other pair in the room."

There was a moment's pause, and Sir Sylvester Lepel said, "I'll accept your challenge, Miss Barraclough, and—and will you be my partner, Lady Grasthwaite?"

"Yes, yes; I'll play with you," said Lady Grasthwaite, eagerly.

They made a most formidable pair, for Lady Grasthwaite, a woman of fifty, who cared for little else in the world, was a keen and clever player. The fact that, though she was a very wealthy woman, she always wept unrestrainedly whenever she lost, did not deter people from eagerly seeking her as a partner. Blount was by far the weakest of the four.

They agreed to play a match of seven rubbers; and, in addition to the usual shilling points, they had fifty pounds on the match reckoned by rubbers, and another fifty pounds on the match reckoned by the score of points.

Blount and Sir Sylvester managed to get in an aside or two, in which they settled with one another their own very much larger stakes.

They sat down, and the other players, after making various bets on the match, went to the other tables and began their games.

"Shall we play the old rule of unlimited doubling?" said Sir Slyvester.

"'No diamonds, partner?' 'No,' said Lady Grasthwaite, in a voice full of tears"

(Illustrating our Short Story, "A Battle at Bridge")

DRAWN BY P. B. HICKLING

"Yes; let's," said Lady Grasthwaite, eagerly.

Miss Barraclough looked at Blount, and he nodded. "By all means," she said.

"Right," said Blount.

They cut for deal, and it fell to Sir Sylvester. Miss Barraclough cut the cards for him with a little nervous shiver. She was the youngest of the four; and for her, so much more than the stakes depended on the match.

The first two rubbers were long, and the declarations black. Sir Sylvester and his partner won both of them. The score of the first was 90, of the second, 136. After each rubber the two men took out their betting books, made entries in them, compared them, and nodded to one another.

They cut for deal in the third rubber, and it fell to Miss Barraclough. She turned their opponents out of the winning seats, and chose the winning cards. Blount, stimulated by the fact that she was his partner, and by the greatness of the issue, played an excellent game; and they won a heavy rubber of 314. The next rubber they won also, a rubber of 270.

They were now two rubbers all; and Sir Sylvester said to Blount, 'Double?"

Blount looked at his betting book, hesitated a moment, and said, "Right."

Sir Sylvester was hardly fortunate in his choice of the time to double, for he and his partner lost the next two rubbers without winning a game: one of 268 points; the other of 292. They had lost the match as far as rubbers were concerned; and it seemed almost impossible that on a single rubber they could make up the 900 points they were behind. Lady Grasthwaite wept as usual, unnoticed and uncomforted.

Sir Sylvester looked black. "Shall we double again?" he said to Blount.

"Well, I can hardly win this rubber too," said Blount. "But I don't mind."

It was a slow rubber, but at last they were a game-all. Miss Barraclough dealt first in the final game, and declared no-trumps. Sir Sylvester gave a little start of pleased surprise. He held eight diamonds, headed by the ace, king, queen, knave, nine, the king and queen of hearts, the king and queen of spades, and a little club. "I double," he said.

Miss Barraclough looked at her hand again. She held five clubs, headed by the four leading honours, the ace of spades, the ace and four of hearts, and five diamonds to the ten. "I redouble," she said.

"I'll make them 96," said Sir Sylvester, with a somewhat ugly smile.

Miss Barraclough could not believe her ears. She looked at her hand again, saw at once that Sir Sylvester held six or seven diamonds, headed by the four leading honours, and saw as quickly that her ten of diamonds blocked his suit, and that any other lead gave her the odd trick. For a moment she hesitated; she was doubling on a certainty. Then she thought of Blount, hardened her heart, and, with a challenging smile, said to Sir Sylvester, "I'll make them 192."

The smile acted as a spur to Sir Sylvester's already chafed temper, and he said, without another thought, "I'll make them 384."

Miss Barraclough looked through her hand again carefully, and said quietly, "I'll make them twice 384, whatever that is."

Blount started in his chair, for it suddenly occurred to him that it was possible that he might lose every penny he had in the world if she were making a mistake.

Sir Sylvester turned to him, and said somewhat insolently, "We agreed on unlimited doubling, you know, Blount."

"Certainly, certainly," said Blount cheerfully. "No-trumps are now 768 a trick."

"And I'll make them ——," said Sir Sylvester, stopped short, and looked from Miss Barraclough to Blount. "No, I won't; I'm content."

They looked at Lady Grasthwaite. "Oh, I'm content," she wailed.

Blount put down a hand containing four little clubs, four spades headed by the knave, and five hearts headed by the knave. When he saw that dummy held no diamonds, Sir Sylvester's heart misgave him. However, he led out his king of diamonds with something of a conquering air; but when his partner discarded a little club on it, he smothered an execration, and said sharply, "No diamonds, partner?"

"No," said Lady Grasthwaite, in a voice full of tears.

Sir Sylvester looked at his hand blankly: instead of holding eight certain tricks it held four. Then he lost his head utterly, led out his four honours in diamonds one after the other, and then another diamond to clear the suit. He was practically certain, had he but held up one of his honours and the nine, of making five tricks.

Miss Barraclough won the fifth trick with the ten of diamonds, and led out her five clubs. On her fifth club Sir Sylvester had to decide whether he should throw his queen of hearts or his queen of spades; he threw the queen of hearts. Miss Barraclough led out the ace of spades, the ace of hearts, and the four of hearts, which her dummy won with the knave. She made three by tricks.

She turned the last trick with a little quivering sigh; Sir Sylvester's face was covered by a dark flush; Blount leant back in his chair, a little pale; and Lady Grasthwaite wept bitterly.

They added up the score of the rubber, and it came to 2,466. Blount and Sir Sylvester busied themselves with their betting books. Blount showed his to Sir Sylvester, who scowled as he nodded his agreement with it. Now there was a faint flush on Blount's cheeks, and Sir Sylvester was pale; Miss Barraclough wore an air of quiet content.

"Shall we play them a return?" said Sir Sylvester sullenly.

"Return!" wailed Grasthwaite. "Return! I've lost two hundred and seventy pounds!" She rose, and went weeping up to bed.

"Don't be distressed," said their host from the next table. "She's won over six hundred pounds this week."

He came over to them and began to discuss the match with Sir Sylvester. Miss Barraclough rose, went from table to table, glancing over the hands,

then slipped out of the room. Blount followed her, and found her a few steps up the staircase.

"Miss Barraclough! Half a minute!" he cried.

She turned, looked down on him, and stood still. He sprang up the stairs, and took her hand with a somewhat determined and desperate air, saying, "I must thank you! You have pulled me out of an awful hole!"

"Not I—the cards," said Miss Barraclough trying to free her hand.

Blount held it tighter, and said, "No; it was you—it was you. It's made all the difference to me. I shan't have to go rubber gathering! I shan't have to leave England. And if there was no reason for me to think you were less friendly, can I go further—may I—could you be more than friendly? Do you think you could care for me?"

Miss Barraclough, with a fine flush on her face, looked down at the hall fire with some earnestness, and said, "This is gratitude."

"Gratitude be hanged!" said Mr Blount, with some heat. "It's nothing of the kind. Do you think—do you care—will you marry me, Lucy?"

Miss Barraclough looked up into his face, dropped her eyes, and said in a low voice, "I might try."

Blount picked her up and kissed her; then, somehow or other, they found themselves in the morning room explaining to one another the rise and progress of their respective loves. The noise of the bridge players coming up to bed disturbed them. They let them go upstairs; and after bidding one another good-night in a somewhat protracted fashion, they came out on to the landing. Miss Barraclough went up the stairs, and half-way up leaned over the banisters to bid him good-night again.

"By Jove!" he said. "It's rather odd, if you come to think of it, for a man to win his wife at bridge."

"Or shall we say, for a woman to win the man she loves?" murmured Miss Barraclough, and turned and ran quickly up the stairs. EDGAR JEPSON.

Overheard on the "Koh-i-Noor"

ETHEL: "Is this a mail steamer, dad?"

DAD (*full of henpecked memories*): "Well, yes, once a week it runs as the 'Husbands' Boat' to Margate"

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD

The Cult of the Rose

THE NATIONAL ROSE SOCIETY'S SHOW AT REGENT'S PARK

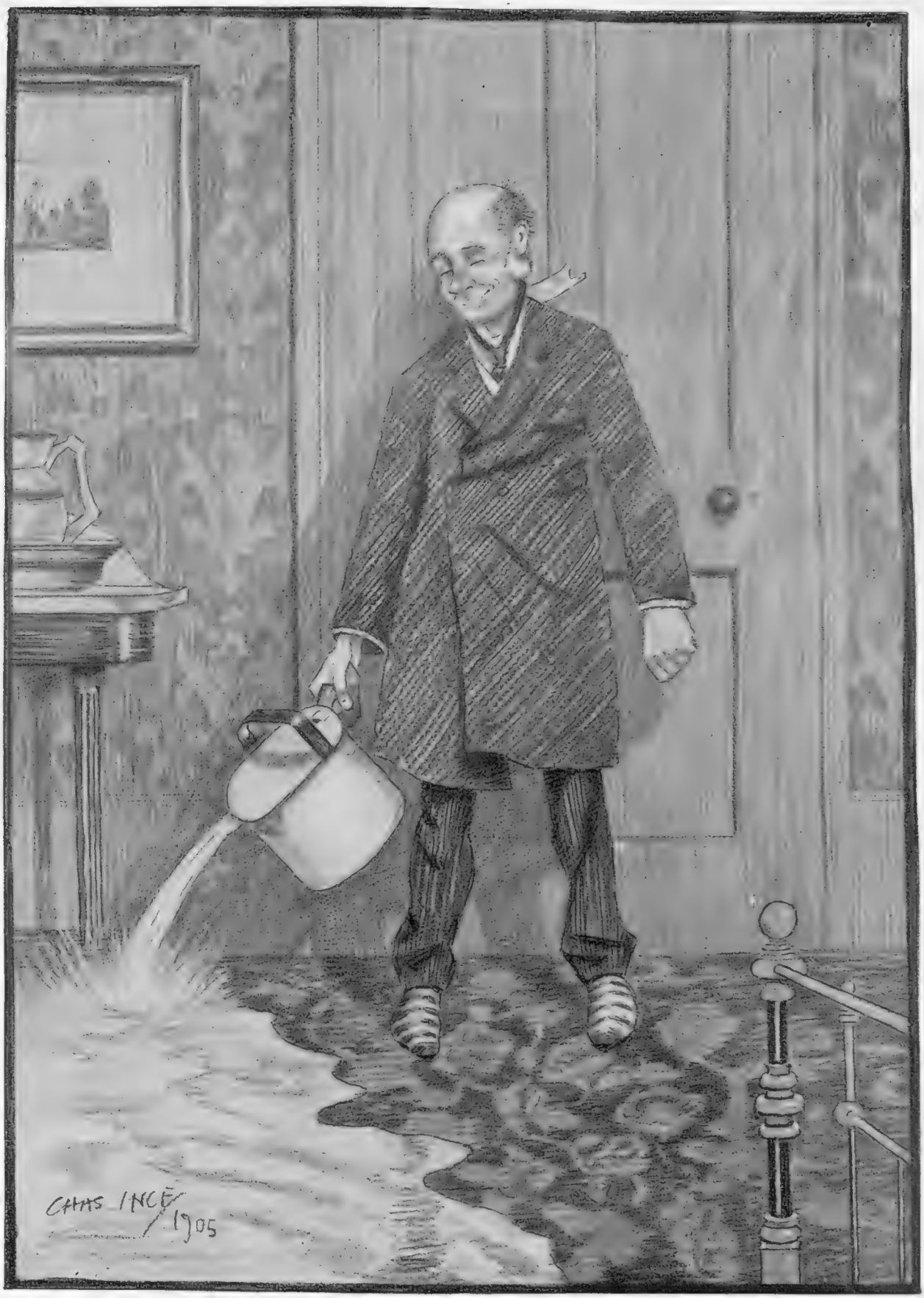
A beautiful show of tea roses, exhibited by the Rev. F. A. Burnside, who gained first prize for them

The National Rose Society's Show was this year held in the Royal Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park, instead of in the Temple Gardens as in former years. A large number of magnificent exhibits were brought together, and the Show, which had ideal weather in its favour, attracted enormous crowds

Photos by *Advance Agency*

A prize pyramid of roses

In the great class for decorative roses, the first prize was won by Messrs. Frank Cant and Co. Their exhibit, which consisted of thirty-six distinct varieties, is shown above. This glorious wealth of blossoms was only one of many, and the sweetness of the perfume given off by these magnificent clusters is beyond description



AFTER THE ROSE SHOW

JONES *(an enthusiastic rose-grower, after visiting the Botanical Gardens and finishing up the evening with some other convivial rose-growers):* "But for exh-trordnry specimens, I should like 'em to show me anything that'll beat these"

DRAWN BY CHAS. INCE

The Library

Cricket has never lacked bards, who have sung its charms in every possible metre. With Andrew Lang, E. V. Lucas, Coulson Kernahan, and the Cricket Laureate, Norman Gale, among its singing birds, our national game has a poetic literature of its own. But tennis, which has come so rapidly to the front during the past few years, seems, with all its champions, to have nobody with a "song to sing, O!" It is true that the late James Kenneth Stephen, the brilliant parodist, wrote of the charms of tennis in more than one set of good verses, but nobody has sung of it with the wholehearted and blithesome devotion with which Mr. Norman Gale has sung of cricket. Mr. Gale's latest volume, *More Cricket Songs* (Alston Rivers), is a little volume which should find its way to every cricketer's bookshelf, and should, moreover, be a stirring example to the future tennis bard as to how the thing should be done. So now then, you tennis champions! When winter has laid its fell hand upon the courts, will you not sing the tune played by "the tense strings which smite the flying sphere," and bring before our eyes once again the swerve and curve of the Sutton serve? Good poetry has ever a touch of the past in it, and recent events in the tennis world will provide many a lingering memory which might—perhaps profitably—be embalmed in verse.

One is always apt to look upon German philosophy as the sort of thing to be put upon the bookshelves, more to impress the visitor than to bring amusement or consolation in leisure hours. Yet, under the typically long title of *The Development of the Feeling for Nature in the Middle Ages and Modern Times*, Messrs. Routledge have published one of the most interesting books we have read for a long time. After reading this book, which is a translation of a work by an eminent German writer, Herr Alfred Biese, one recognises that such catchwords as Matthew Arnold's "Sweetness and Light," Rider Haggard's "Back to the Land," and Pastor Wagner's "Simple Life," are simply the outcome of what Herr Biese calls the "Feeling for Nature"—a feeling which has influenced every country and every age. In the present volume, the author has traced not only the development of this feeling, but also its influence upon Life and Love, and upon Literature and Art, from the Middle Ages to the present day, and this has been done with a wealth of quotation which would be impossible in any work save that by a German professor. The literature of the whole world has been ransacked, and the nature-lover will find here a feast which it would be sheer self-denial to forego for such a small matter as six shillings.

This week we have added several interesting reprints to our bookshelves: *Some Notable Hamlets*, by the late Clement Scott (Greening: 1*s.*), contains some of that brilliant critic's best work, and mingled as it is with memories and reminiscences of some of the most famous interpreters of the "melancholy Dane" should, in these days of Shakespearean revivalism, find a new and appreciative public in its cheaper form. Messrs. Greening have also issued a translation, by Henry Blanchamp, of *Madame Bovary*, Gustave Flaubert's great first novel. Powerfully written, with an almost painful regard for minute detail, *Madame Bovary* is the study of a woman, unhappily married, who, after trying to relieve her uncongenial way of life by frequent lapses into vice, dies by her own hand. Flaubert's painstaking methods are in evidence on every page, and though the whole book is morbid to the last degree, it is worth reading as the first effort of one of the founders of French realism. It is published at two shillings.

More suitable to our taste are the little volumes in the Muses' Library, which Messrs. Routledge are issuing under the editorship of Mr. A. H. Bullen. A shilling a volume, of pocket size, the later volumes include Rosetti's *Early Italian Poets;* Johnson, Goldsmith, Gray, and Collins, all in one volume; *Herrick*, with an Introduction by Mr. Swinburne, and Notes by Mr. A. W. Pollard; Adelaide Proctor's *Legends and Lyrics; Blake*, edited by Mr. W. B. Yeats. One cannot think of anything happier that could befall a man, or woman either, than to find themselves on a holiday with the little volumes of *Herrick* or *Drummond of Hawthornden* in the pocket.

The unique T. W. H. Crosland has again added to his reputation. This time the object of his particular gift of persiflage is the London suburb, as the title of his new book, *The Suburbans* (John Long: 5*s.*), testifies. This book—were it not for that tinge of bitterness which Mr. Crosland cannot keep out of his work, and which makes one wonder whether in his twenties he was jilted, or received some severe blow which has warped his outlook upon life—is genuinely amusing and, so far as ourselves are concerned, instructing. We learn from Mr. Crosland's book that THE BYSTANDER is a "suburban sixpenn'orth." This is indeed joyful news. Week after week we have wondered, as our machines groaned under the heavy pressure of work, where these thousands upon thousands of copies of THE BYSTANDER were all going. And now Mr. Crosland has told us, the suburbs, with their long lines of uninteresting houses, have become positively interesting. To think that in, perhaps, four out of five of those myriad houses some member of the family is rocking with laughter at our joke pages, absorbed in our short story, or is recalling the sport of the week-end by means of our vivid photographs, is indeed a thing to gladden our hearts. Thanks, Mr. Crosland!

Books to Order This Week

GENERAL LITERATURE

The Suburbans. By T. W. H. Crosland.

The Scenery of London. Painted by Herbert Marshall, and described by G. E. Mitton. (A. and C. Black: 20*s.*)

Horses I Have Known. By "G. G." (H. G. Harper). (John Long: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

By Moor and Fell. By Halliwell Sutcliffe. Illustrated. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)

FICTION

Love's Cross Currents. By A. C. Swinburne. (Chatto and Windus: 6*s.*)

A Jay of Italy. By Bernard Capes. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

A Marriage in Burmah. By Mrs. Chan-Toon. (Greening: 6*s.*)

Jane Shore. By J. E. Muddock. (John Long: 6*s.*)

The Romance of Lohengrin. By Bernard Capes. (Dean and Son: 6*s.*)

FRENCH FICTION.

L'Isolee. By René Bazin, Member of L'Academie Française. (London: Hachette: 2*s.* 8*d.*)

Among the novels of the week which may be recommended are: *A Marriage in Burmah*, by Mrs. Chan-Toon, a descriptive study of life in Burmah. Mr. Kipling has sung, "For East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet," and the author shows us how true this is in the case of her heroine, who marries a Burman and lives unhappily ever afterwards. Two other novels there be which call for notice. *Jane Shore*, by J. E. Muddock (John Long: 6*s.*), is an historical novel dealing with the life of Edward the Fourth's outcast mistress, who, in spite of the centuries which have passed since her death, still lives in the popular imagination as the heroine of one or more transpontine melodramas. The other novel, *Love's Cross Currents* (Chatto and Windus: 6*s.*), by Mr. Swinburne, will be read of course, because it is Mr. Swinburne's, and perhaps one does not need a better reason. The story is a carefully elaborated one, and the writing, though not of the trenchant kind one is familiar with in Swinburnian criticisms, possesses that note of distinction we expect from a writer with such a reputation.

G. F. J.

A BOOKMAN'S GOSSIP

What the Youngsters Read

Recently there has been some discussion on this subject, owing to the revision of the list of books given as prizes in the schools of the London County Council. It is a vexed question, and everybody thinks he knows the right side of it. Personally, I have had considerable experience of the taste of the juvenile public, yet I should be chary of giving any dogmatic opinion. Only on one point am I rock firm. I do not believe that children of to-day enjoy the goody-goody story; nor can I imagine that the child of any former day ever cared for it. It was thrust upon the poor innocents, and probably did a good deal to make them dislike books of any kind, just as the forced reading of the Bible has given many a one a distaste for the most interesting of all books. I do not think, however, that the standard novelists, even including Scott, are quite suitable for readers under sixteen, as the youngster has no real appreciation of the subtleties of character, and asks only that the people to whom he is introduced shall "do things." The one everlasting model of the children's story is "Robinson Crusoe," both in respect to matter and form. But the youngster must be guided, as he is apt to develop a fondness for the "bluggy," and there are too many weekly prints which, pandering to this taste, fairly reek of blood.

(Water-colour Portrait) Punch

Photo by **Mrs. Flora Annie Steel** *Russell*

A recent photograph of the author of "On the Face of the Waters," perhaps the finest story ever written round the Indian Mutiny

Novels to Order

Of course, there is a sense in which most novels are written to order; but it is an unusual thing for a publisher to select a series of subjects, and say to several distinguished novelists, "There you are, do me novels on these themes." This is, in effect, what Messrs. Dean and Son seem to have done with their set of romances from Wagner's operas. Mr. E. F. Benson, that clever author who is writing too much (he has always a new book "just out" or "about to appear"), did "The Valkyries," and very so-so it was. Then Mr. Baring Gould wrote "Seigfried," founded on *Rheingold*, *Seigfried*, and *Götterdammerung*. In all likelihood this will be the last romance which the author of "Mehalah" will give us, and one could have wished that it were more in his natural vein. Now Mr. Bernard Capes has done "Lohengrin," which I have not seen; but I am not very hopeful of it. The books, of course, have a value as giving us prose renderings of the legendary lore on which Wagnerian opera is founded, but good fiction is not produced in this way. It would be difficult to mention any really good work of fiction thus written to order.

Descendants of Old-Time Authors

Some little time ago a book by a son of William and Mary Howitt appeared. William Howitt was born in the last decade of the eighteenth century, so this takes us back a good way from son to father. It is really surprising how far into the past one long life can reach. No better instance is needed than that afforded by the Hon. F. Leveson-Gower's "Bygone Years," recently issued by Mr. Murray. He met Scott, Sydney Smith, Macaulay, Samuel Rogers, and other literary celebrities, whose names seem to recede us into a very remote past. I think I mentioned once that there are at least two of the children of James Hogg, the friend of Scott, and his senior by a year, still living. But, as a rule, literary celebrities rarely live again in their descendants. Their real children are their books. It would be interesting to find out how many kinsmen of a given few of our great authors of the past are still now alive. I seem to remember the last of the Defoes dying in a workhouse not long ago. A few years back, it was stated that the nearest living relative of Shakespeare was a Thomas Hart, then resident in Australia. He was eighth in descent from Shakespeare's sister Joan. And, by the way, I read in an American paper the other day, an interview with a Miss Sarah Brown, who is not yet sixty, although she is the daughter of John Brown, whose body has been "mouldering in the ground" for almost half a century. He had twenty-one children, Sarah being the seventeenth. But this is a record beaten by the parents of Mrs. Kendal. She was their twenty-second child, and Tom Robertson, the dramatist, was their first.

Mrs. Flora Annie Steel

This distinguished novelist has attained her majority as a writer this year, as it is just twenty-one years since she made her début with "Wide-a-Wake Stories." One may seriously urge an odd complaint against her: she does not write enough! Yet it was not ever thus, for in little more than three years she produced no less than eight books, which was athought too many, although three of these were fine stories, and one of them, "On the Face of the Waters," a work of great power, alone sufficient to firmly establish any author's reputation. But during the last eight years she has given us only four books, two of which are collections of short stories. Like Kipling, it is in the short story that her strength lies, and as an interpreter of Indian life she seems to me to rank his equal. In this connection, by the way, I often wonder why Dr. C. W. Doyle's little masterpiece, "The Taming of the Jungle," has never been "boomed" in England. It is as good as the best in Kipling or in Mrs. Steel, and although it came to us *viâ* America, where Dr. Doyle now lives, its author is an Anglo-Indian, and practised for thirteen years in England. Mrs. Steel has resided for some years past in North Wales, but India, where she and her husband lived so long, is still the land of her heart.

Mr. Sidney Paternoster

In my recent note on the motor in fiction, I had occasion to mention Mr. G. Sidney Paternoster's clever book, "The Motor Pirate," which had so remarkable a success in the States last year. This author has just brought out a new novel, "Children of Earth" (John Long: 6*s.*), and a word or two about his work and ways will thus be in season. My first acquaintance with any avowed writing of his was in that remarkable revelation of the sordid side, "Gutter Tragedies," a book of remorseless realism. But I had doubtless read much of his journalism long before then, and most of my readers must also have been in his debt unconsciously for many a startling story of real life, as he has been for fifteen years *Truth's* private "Sherlock Holmes." That is to say, as a member of Mr. Labouchere's staff, it has been Mr. Paternoster's business to deal with most of the scandals which *Truth* has exposed in that period, to investigate frauds and evil-doings in every rank of life. The care and acumen with which he has carried on this very difficult kind of journalism so long, are evidenced by the success which has generally attended the frequent legal proceedings that have followed his revelations. What an insight into human nature such experience must give a man! The very training for a novelist. And the manner of presenting his reports has also given to his writing a directness which makes for real literary strength. But Mr. Paternoster took a very different line when he thought of "The Motor Pirate," which was a diversion in an imaginative key. A profitable diversion, too, for the "Further Adventures of the Motor Pirate" have been appearing in the pages of the *Car*, and will be issued in book-form from the office of our contemporary this autumn. Mr. Paternoster, who is not yet forty, has been in London journalism since 1889, his first work having been done for the *Star* in the stirring days of the great dock strike. If he ever gives us his reminiscences, they ought to make most engrossing reading, since, with all respect to the lively imagination which "The Motor Pirate" has disclosed, he knows a great deal of that truth which is stranger than any fiction he is likely to invent.

Mr. G. Sidney Paternoster

Whose new novel, "Children of Earth," has just been published by Mr. John Long

More Stevenson!

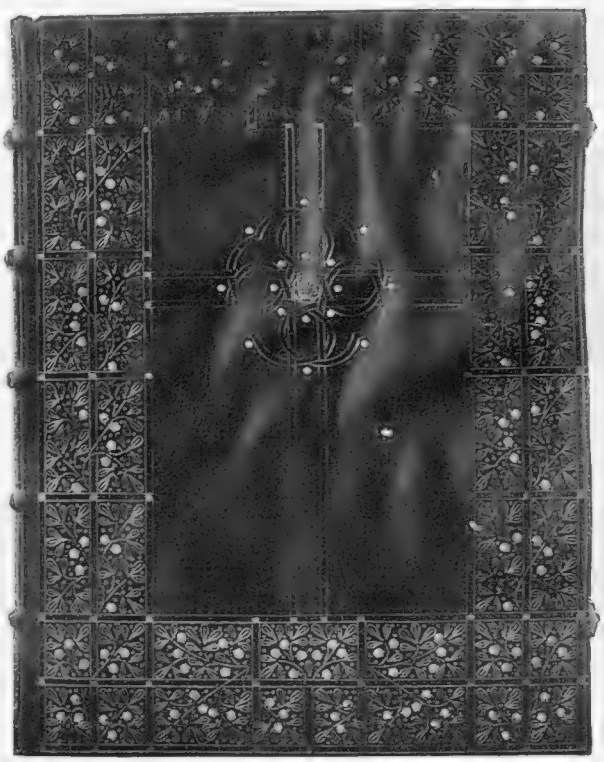
Although the complaint that we are having "too much Stevenson" may not be unjustified in respect to books about "R. L. S.," surely it will not apply to any work of his own hand. To most readers, and to many bookmen, "Essays of Travel" (Chatto: 6*s.*) will come as a posthumous book by R. L. Stevenson, for only in the limited and steadily appreciating "Edinburgh" edition have these essays been hitherto obtainable. Truly, one cannot say that the book represents Stevenson at his best, but it contains much that is very characteristic of the writer: his gay humour, his sympathetic interest in all forms of lowly life, his easy and apt philosophising, his style—all are here. It seems to me that one could not indicate a better example of his absolute literary power than that afforded by such a little sketch as "An Autumn Effect," in which, by sheer art, he contrives to make a commonplace walk in Buckinghamshire far more fascinating than many a tale of moving adventure one has read. Although written later than two of his finest books, it does not compare favourably either with "An Inland Voyage" or "Travels with a Donkey"; but the reasons for this are sufficiently obvious: the subject was hardly congenial, the circumstances in which it was written far from favourable. I have also added to my Stevenson shelf another volume, hitherto unpublished in the familiar blue buckram, at six shillings, "Tales and Fantasies," which contains "John Nicholson," "The Body Snatcher," and "The Story of a Lie."

The Connoisseur.

SOME FINE BINDINGS

One used to be told not to judge a book by its binding, but to-day, if a volume is clothed with distinction and beauty, it may be taken as *primâ facie* evidence that its contents are worthy. For the fine bindings of our time are by no means inexpensive, and those whose taste inclines them to the best examples in "green seal" or "Niger morocco" will not, we think, be found wanting in regard to a feeling for literature and art generally. The recent collection brought together at the "Booklovers' Library," in Hanover Street, exemplifies the present-day fashion in this branch of an antique art, and shows that the binding of our time can be as sound in its workmanship, and as decorative and agreeable in its design, as that of the finest period. A *Horace* in green sealskin, lent by the Hon. W. F. D. Smith, M.P., the production of Moxon about fifty years ago, is delightfully simple and familiar, and yet distinguished, as are also some green moroccos of that time, or a little later. But the most attractive bindings in the collection are those designed at the present time; examples in which the craft of encasing the book is first and fully considered, and then the ornamentation is allowed to take its place. The presence of decoration should be evidence—as that excellent and practical authority on the subject, Mr. Cockerell, has said—that nothing has been stinted in the binding, evidence that the accomplished binder has had time to carry his work a little further than was necessary for utilitarian ends.

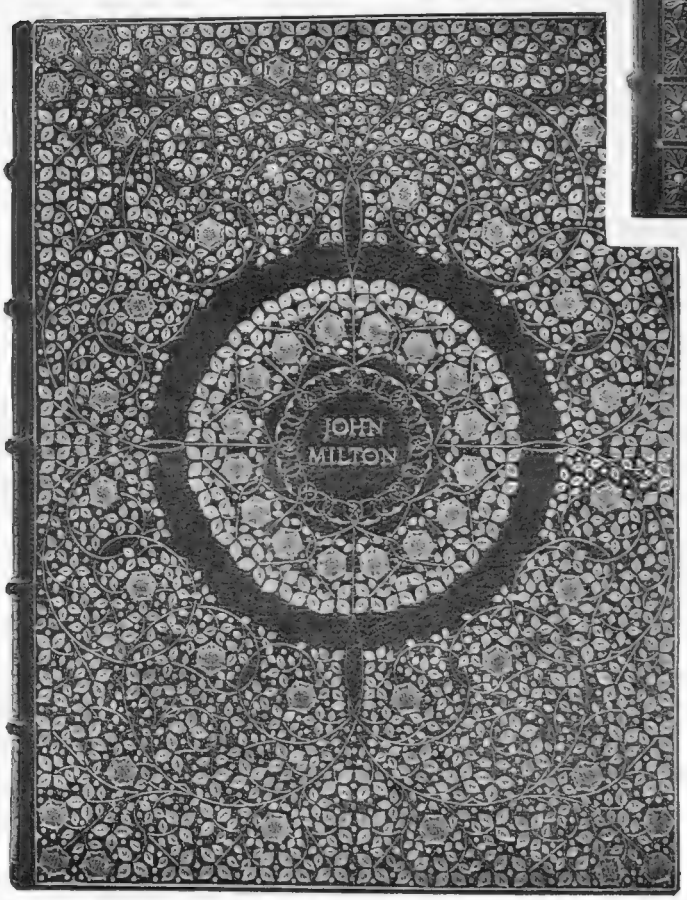
There are, however, some modern books, "blind-tooled and morocco-jointed," that appear too delicate for every-day use.



A richly bound Altar Book

Niger morocco. The cross and leaves inlaid green, buds inlaid white. Actual size, 11½ in. by 9 in.

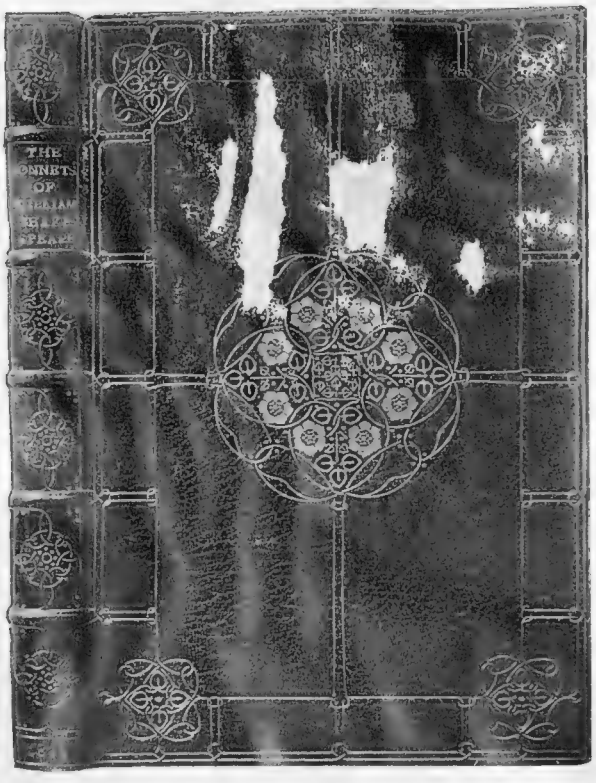
From the Exhibition of Antique and Modern Bindings at the Booklovers' Library, Hanover Street



Milton's Minor Poems

Binding by Douglas Cockerell. Green morocco, with the roses inlaid red. Actual size, 15 in. by 11 in.

From the Exhibition of Antique and Modern Bindings at the Booklovers' Library, Hanover Street



Sonnets of Shakespeare

Green morocco, with leaves inlaid red. Actual size, 5½ in. by 8¼ in.
From the Exhibition of Antique and Modern Bindings at the Booklovers' Library, Hanover Street

It was of such volumes that a modern poet was thinking when he sang:

They dwell in the odour of camphor,
  They stand in a Sheraton shrine,
They are "warranted early editions,"
  These worshipful tomes of mine;—

In their creamiest "Oxford vellum,"
  In their redolent "crushed Levant,"
With their delicate watered linings,
  They are jewels of price, I grant;—

but they are hardly homely companions, nor free of our intimacies and careless leisure. But with the volumes that Mr. Douglas Cockerell has designed and wrought, or caused to be wrought beneath his eye, there is to be found that pleasing ease, that comfortable unpretentiousness, which all true works of art possess, although that quality does not in itself make a work of art. The ornate "Milton," for example, in our first illustration, although decorated without thought for time or cost, is essentially a comfortable book to handle and make a friend of. For the "Sonnets," too, the reticent and graceful lines of the design are in sympathy with the matter within, while the richness of the tooling and inlay gives warmth and gaiety to the cool freshness of the green morocco, and hints the complex and changing character of the immortal verses themselves.

The Altar Book is in a different manner, but effective and worthy—a fine specimen of its particular style.

Indeed, all the examples which have been brought together at the "Booklovers' Library" are worthy of study, many of them being of less expensive workmanship than those we have mentioned, but all of a highly artistic and useful character. E. M.

The Menu

Hot Weather Food

Green Pea Soup
Lobster au Gratin
Veal Cutlets and Macaroni
Broad Bean Salad
Tapioca Cream

GREEN PEA SOUP

This is a green pea purée, and makes a most delicious soup for the present season. Shell half a peck of peas, and wash a handful of the pods. Put both in a stewpan, with a small peeled onion, one cabbage lettuce, previously trimmed and washed, and a handful of washed spinach; add enough water or stock to well cover the ingredients, also a pinch of carbonate of soda and a little salt. Boil till the peas are tender, and rub the whole through a fine sieve. Melt 1 oz. of butter in a stewpan and add to it a heaped-up tablespoonful of cornflour; cook for a few minutes without allowing it to brown, then pour in the purée of peas, etc., reheat, and allow it to cook for ten minutes, season with salt and white pepper, and add a little cream or milk. Just before serving, add a teaspoonful of finely chopped green mint, and a teaspoonful of castor sugar; serve with small dice of fried bread.

LOBSTER AU GRATIN

Melt half an ounce of butter in a stewpan, and throw in a teaspoonful of finely chopped onion. When slightly browned, stir in 1 oz. of flour, mix thoroughly, then add about three gills of milk, stir over the fire, and when it has boiled six or seven minutes, drop in the lobster, cut into small pieces, add pepper, salt, cayenne, according to taste, and one anchovy, finely minced. Stir the mixture over the fire till it boils; add the beaten yolk of an egg, pour the mixture into the lobster shells, sprinkle with bread-crumbs, chopped parsley, and tiny lumps of butter; place in the oven for about twenty minutes to brown; arrange on a folded serviette, and garnish with fresh parsley. Crayfish are equally good cooked in this way.

VEAL CUTLETS AND MACARONI

Ingredients required: 1 lb. of veal cutlets, ¼ lb. of macaroni, 3 oz. of butter, one gill of tomato sauce, rashers of bacon, seasoning, and one egg. Trim and cut the cutlets rather thin, and dip each into an egg beaten up with a teaspoonful of butter. Arrange the cutlets side by side in a stewpan with the butter, already melted. Set the pan over the fire, and cook for ten minutes, then turn each and allow the same time to the other side. Arrange in an entrée dish. Have the macaroni ready boiled and tossed in the tomato sauce; put this round the cutlets. On each cutlet, before serving, put a small thin rasher of bacon.

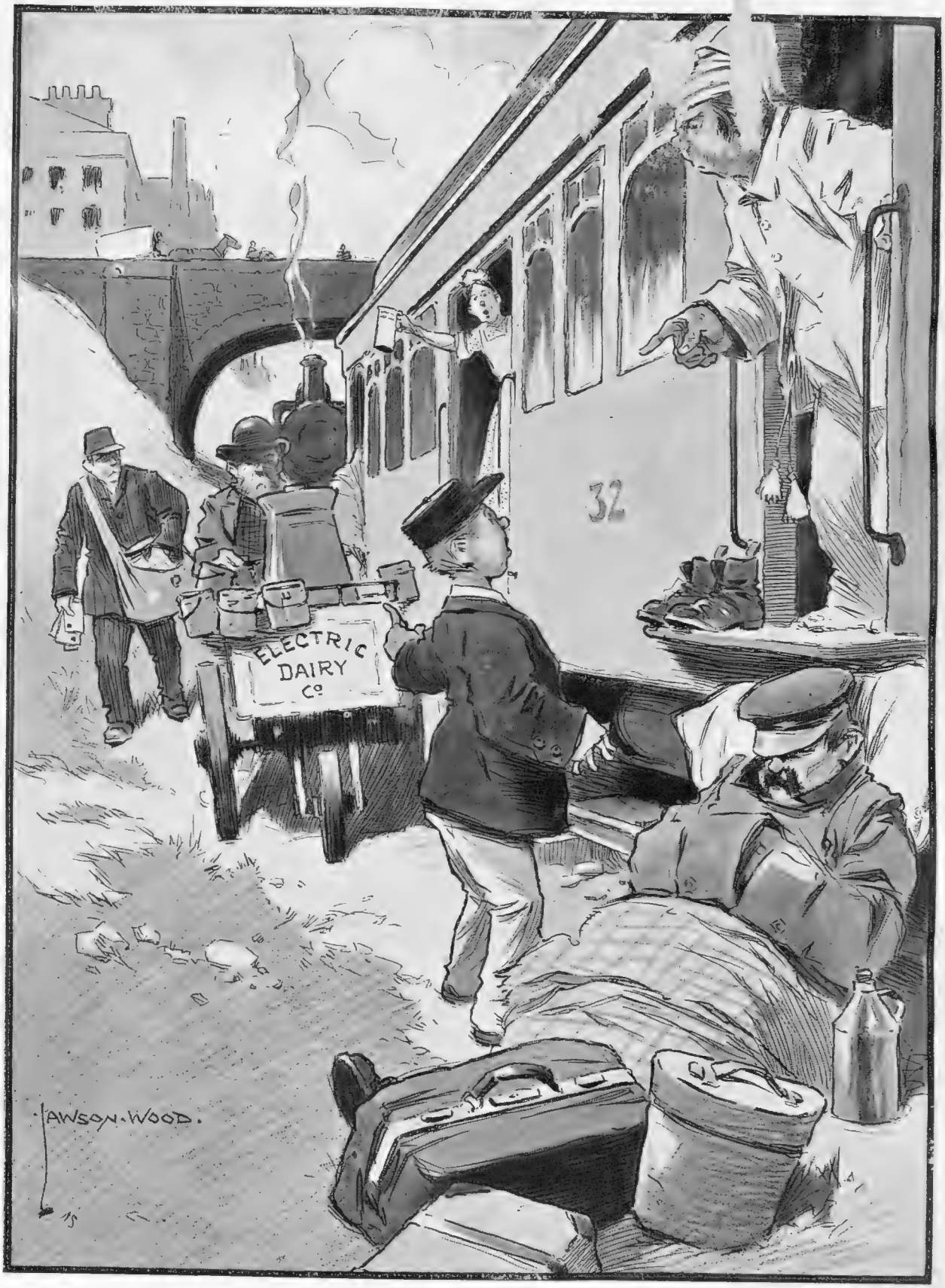
BROAD BEAN SALAD

Make the salad of young broad beans, from which the skins have been removed after cooking; moisten them with oil, a few drops of the best vinegar, and sprinkle with a dessertspoonful of chives, chervil, and tarragon, very finely minced.

TAPIOCA CREAM

Boil one tablespoonful of tapioca in a pint of milk until it is very tender, adding white sugar to taste. Beat the yolks of two eggs and stir into the tapioca and milk, continue stirring until it thickens (it must not boil). Flavour with vanilla or bitter almonds, and when nearly cool, pour into a glass dish. Whisk the whites of the eggs very stiffly, and arrange them in rocky heaps on the top, sprinkle each heap with pink sugar. To make the pink sugar, pour a drop or two of cochineal on a lump of sugar, and when dry pound in a mortar; if too dark a colour, mix white sugar with it. EMILIA.

Where to Spend the Holidays: A Suggestion



PAYING GUEST ON THE DISTRICT ELECTRIC RAILWAY: "Hi, boy, where's my shaving water?"

NEWS-PAPER-VALET-BOY: "Comin' in a minute, Sir; the old District ingin be'ind ain't quite on the boil yet"

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD

BRIDGE: The Play of To-day

Reading the third edition of "Modern Bridge," by "Slam" (Longmans, Green), it was borne in upon me how little Bridge has changed during the last two years. The general principles upon which the game was played two years ago have not been shaken, rather strengthened, by the two years' further practice and hold good. I do not think I can do better than take this useful little book as my text, and set forth the points in which they have been strengthened, and the few points in which they have been changed.

The Declaration

It has become more strongly established than ever that in making the declaration you are only justified in taking a risk to make or to save the game; but you are not justified in taking a risk to add a few points to your score. It is the mark of a weak player to make clubs at four a trick instead of spades at two in a weak hand, and to make a risky no-trumper when he has a practical certainty of going out in diamonds. On the same principle, with nothing in his hand, the dealer should declare spades, or with six little clubs in his hand and nothing else, clubs. More attention is paid to reaching the points 6, 12 or 14, and 18 in the score; and sound players are careful to take no extra risk to reach 8, 10, 16, or 20. Again, sound players have grown chary of making a risky no-trump call, because their opponents have a high score in the first game of the rubber; they prefer to devote their efforts to saving the game, and so preventing their opponents from beginning the second game with the deal. A diamond declaration at love-all is made more seldom nowadays, I often think too seldom, unless players are very strong in them, or hold four honours, or make a defensive diamond call, since they prefer to chance getting a spade declared, in the hope that their partner will declare hearts or no-trumps.

Doubling

There is less doubling than there was two years ago, for the declarations have grown sounder, and, consequently, doubling has grown too costly to the doubler. "Slam," indeed, says that you should not double a high-value declaration unless you are fairly sure of winning six tricks out of your own hand. That depends. Spades are, of course, doubled far too often; but people will take risks in them. There is, however, and properly, a good deal more doubling on moderate strength, when the odd trick puts the dealer out. With regard to doubling no-trumps, "Slam" is of the opinion that this should not be done unless by the original leader, unless he holds seven tricks in his hand, save when the odd will put the dealer out, or the declaration has been made by dummy. When the double comes from the leader's partner, the question of the heart convention or the convention of the lead of the highest of the shortest suit remains vexed. "Slam" avows himself a supporter of the heart convention, as I have always been. A little while ago, the Card Committee of one of the leading London Bridge Clubs tried to make one of the conventions a rule of the club, and found it impossible to carry—so firmly wedded, each to his convention, are the followers of either. Really, it is very simple always to find out from your partner which convention he prefers, and give him the lead he wants.

Discarding

The majority of players, nowadays, discard from weakness both in a trump call and in a no-trump call. I used to advocate the discard from strength; but I have come round to the opinion that, at any rate in no-trumps, the discard from weakness pays best. Probably, the best rule would be to discard from strength in a trump call as at whist, and from weakness in a no-trump call. I find it simpler to discard always from weakness, since it gives my partner less to remember. Also, I find that the number of good players who discard from strength in no-trumps has grown much smaller.

The Leads

"Slam" is a warm supporter of an opening lead of a short suit, unless you have a suit such as A, K, J, or K, Q, J, or Q, J, 10, to lead from. By a short suit he means "a strengthening card, a singleton, or the higher of two cards of a suit." I will grant him the strengthening card, or the singleton, if you hold three or four trumps at least. But the lead of the higher of two little cards is to me wholly abominable; for it is my experience that for every once you get a ruff out of that lead, you spoil your partner's hand, or establish your adversaries' long suit thrice. I would sooner by far lead from my four suit, if it is only four to the knave: it is infinitely less dangerous. Another lead I have grown to mistrust is the lead of the ace from the ace with any number in suit, none of them being an honour. From the ace with four little ones, I lead the ace; but from the ace with three or with two little ones, I lead a little one. Here "Slam" disagrees with me—he would lead an ace from an ace to three, a little one from an ace to two; but I know plenty of players who lead the ace from the ace with two little ones, and I cannot make out why, since the odds against the suit being trumped the second round are small, and there is no point in parting with the command of it.

"Slam" does not seem to be a supporter of that excellent principle of the lead of the highest of an intermediate sequence. Of course, he gives the lead of the knave from K, J, 10 in trumps and no-trumps, and the lead of the knave from A, J, 10 in no-trumps. But he does not give the lead of the highest of the intermediate sequence from such hands as Q, 10, 9, 8; K, 10, 9, 8. Often, in playing with a weak player, the lead of the 10 makes the difference of a trick in the suit; and if a strong player knows that you follow the principle, he adapts his game to it.

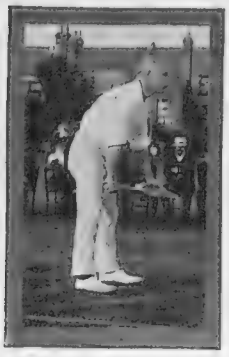
PROBLEMATICUS.

A Correction

By a clerical error the name of the winner of the Third Prize in the thirteenth week of our last Quarterly Competition was given as "Colonel Browne." It should have been "Colville Browne, Esq."

Lawn-Tennis Notes

By H. S. SCRIVENER



J. R. Burton

The veteran of near fifty, who beat the Austrian, Kinzl

H. R. Barrett

Winner of the North London Championship

The North London Champion

It is a great pity that H. R. Barrett does not find time to play more often in public. Even the Championships know him not, and his only tournaments are Gipsy, where he won the North London Cup last week, and the three Eastern Counties meetings, Saxmundham, Colchester, and Felixstowe, in August. And yet he is quite in the front rank, and was one of the seven from whom the final selection of the English International team was made. He has no weak point, except, perhaps, that his service is of a somewhat ordinary type, while his play is of the bustling, energetic order, much of his success being due to his great agility and stubborn defence. Last week, he simply sailed through the Singles at Gipsy, and the way in which he "laid out" a player of such good class as A. H. Green, in the final, was wonderful.

The Austrian Pair

The two Austrians, Kinzl and von Wesseley, entered at the Gipsy meeting, partly with a view to getting some practice on grass (to which they were virtually strangers) before their encounter with Australasia, and also out of compliment to the Gipsy Club, who sent a team to Prague last year. Curiously enough, von Wesseley took quite kindly to the turf almost at once, and, though somewhat erratic, created a most favourable impression, which was subsequently borne out by his play, particularly against Wilding, at Queen's. Kinzl, on the other hand, took much longer to settle down, and was beaten, before he could do so, by the veteran J. R. Burton, who is such a sound and "heady" player that not even the best can afford to be "off" against him. In Doubles, the Austrians proved an exact match for Barrett and Beamish in a long and inconclusive match, which had to be broken off and resumed again late on the following evening. Here, again, Barrett played finely, but his partner was disappointing. The Austrians, considering that they had to hurry off from Queen's each day and journey right across London, were very good indeed. I hear that "the Gipsies" are entertaining them at a dinner in London this week. I also hear that at the Welsh Championships Miss Sutton had another triumph, and that Boucher, as he always does, put up a capital game against Smith, and, besides gaining a set, made him go all the way for the other three.

Brookes's Racket

It is lucky, on the whole, for the racket-makers that Brookes did not win the Championship. All champions have their imitators, especially in the matter of equipment, and Brookes plays with an ancient weapon of primeval shape, with a thin handle, and the stringing quite loose—an implement which users of the up-to-date, highly strung article would describe as a fishing-net. It seems to have "done" him for several years, and his second best is an even more antiquated specimen. There are already some who aver that the racket has a lot to do with Brookes's service and many of his pet strokes; but, whether this be so or not, I dare swear that, if he had won outright, there would soon have been plenty of "fishing-nets" about, especially among

Photo by *De'Ath and Dunk*

At the Maidstone Tournament: E. R. Allen is beaten by H. A. Parker (New Zealand) in the Mid-Kent Championship Singles

In our photograph it will be seen that E. R. Allen is in the act of serving, while H. A. Parker, evidently expecting something ter... on the edge of the Court, and just outside our picture. At this Tournament, one of the BYSTANDER umpiring prizes—a "Mass" r... by Mr. W. Greenfield, to whom we send congratulations

aspiring novices, and the consequence would have been an appreciable drop in the output of new rackets.

Those Doubtful Points Again

I often wonder why it is that the umpiring at Wimbledon is so particularly bad. I suppose the truth is that it is not really so, but that it *seems* so because of the importance of the event, and because errors at critical times (they always crop up at critical times for choice) are on that account so easily remembered. For instance (to give one out of many), a lot of us can remember the decision which virtually lost Eaves the Championship in 1895. Still, having regard to the care which is taken in the big matches to have a (presumably) competent man on every line, there ought not to be as many mistakes as there are. I am forced to the conclusion that there is something wrong with the position of the linesmen, and I believe it to be that they are too near the ground. If, instead of sitting on low chairs, they occupied perches as high, or nearly as high, as that of the umpire-in-chief, so that they could look *down upon*, as well as along, the line, I believe they would do better. I have tried this myself several times, and always with success; once it was on the centre court at Wimbledon. Moreover, how is it that the man in the chair often does the whole thing by himself with far fewer errors than seven linesmen, and that some "strong" umpires would rather umpire without linesmen than with them? I believe the elevated position has a lot to do with it.

Potted Pressmen

The A.E.L.T.C. must have made a fair haul over the Championships, and they haven't done hauling yet, for there is the International Challenge Round still to come. As they were turning money away on Saturday week, I presume that some of the haul will be devoted to still further increasing the accommodation for spectators round the principal court; and, if this is done, I hope that the comfort of members of the Press will not be forgotten. As things are at present, the Press box is about four sizes too small. I may add that this suggestion is a wholly disinterested one, made on behalf of my colleagues, for I hardly ever use the Press box at Wimbledon myself.

Maidstone and Barnet

At the Maidstone Tournament, where the two principal events now bear the style of the Mid-Kent Championships, H. A. Parker, the New Zealander, defeated last year's winner, E. R. Allen, in the second round. The first set was close, but after Parker had won it at 9—7, Allen seems to have "curled up," for he lost the next set to love, and then retired. After this, Parker had an easy time, and won comfortably, for C. G. Allen elected not to play him in the final. The ladies' event produced an evenly-contested final between Miss M. Coles and Miss Tootell, the latter winning in defiance of the book (for on paper Miss Coles is rather the better player) by two sets to one. Parker, from the back mark (owe 30), was undefeated in the Men's Singles Handicap, but retired on reaching the semi-final. In the same week, A. F. Wilding won the Open Singles at Barnet. He was in fine form, and made light of such opponents as A. H. Green and J. L. Figgis, losing only two games to the former, and none at all to the latter. He also played in the Mixed Doubles with Miss N. Stevens, and the pair were only just beaten in the third round by Green and Mrs. Paine. In the Men's Doubles he was to have played with Dunlop, but the latter could not come to the meeting owing to his engagements at Wimbledon, and the pair consequently had to scratch. This event was well won by S. H. Adams and J. L. Figgis. Wilding, by the way, also had an engagement at Wimbledon, the final of the Mixed Doubles with Miss Thomson, but, without actually being in two places at once, he managed to play at Barnet on the Friday morning, and at Wimbledon in the afternoon, returning to Barnet in time to "finish off" on the Saturday. Miss Squire scored an easy win in the Ladies' Singles and also in the Mixed Doubles, in which she was partnered by S. H. Adams.

H. S. Scrivener.

AT THE MAIDSTONE TOURNAMENT

A STUDY IN SERVICES

1 Miss M. Coles
2 Miss Daniell
3 H. A. Parker
4 E. R. Allen

The "Sunlight" Invasion of Belgium

TWO THOUSAND OF MESSRS. LEVER'S EMPLOYEES VISIT LIEGE

Friday Mid-day: The travellers leaving the model village of Port Sunlight

Last week, Messrs. Lever Bros., of Port Sunlight, took over two thousand of their employées for a week-end to Brussels and the Liége Exhibition

On the Journey: On the right Mr. Lever can be seen discussing the plan of campaign

Eight special trains and four special boats were required for the party, and sixteen thousand meals were served on the journey

The "Sunlighters'" reception at Forest Midi, Brussels

After breakfast in Brussels, the party drove around Brussels in three hundred carriages, which had been commandeered for their use

Off to open the Sunlight new works in Belgium

The new Belgian works were then visited, and declared open by the Burgomaster of Forest Midi

Photos by

View of the Liége Exhibition, where the "Sunlighters" spent half a day

Liége was the next place of interest to be visited, and all Saturday afternoon and evening was passed there in visiting the different attractions

Jenkins, Port Sunlight

Sunday: The Two Thousand Homeward Bound

Leaving Liége by midnight on Saturday, the party reached their homes on Sunday night. The whole of the arrangements, both transport and commissariat, were carried through without a hitch by Messrs. Cook

The Thames Season: Some Popular River Craft

Photo by *Rouch*

A view of the River near Cookham Lock last Sunday

A better season than the present one has never been known on the river, and every type of pleasure craft is in great demand. Our illustration is striking in showing how many and various are the craft employed. In the foreground is seen punt, electric launch, dinghy, and gondola. Behind them are skiffs, double and single, and a Canadian canoe

The Thames Season: A New River Craft

Photo by *Rouch*

The Norwegian "Pram," seen near Wargrave

For the real Thames riverman there is only one craft—a punt. Sculling craft may appeal to the week-end visitor, and launches—steam, electric, and motor—may be sources of much healthful pleasure to the butterfly visitor, but these things do not influence the riverman proper. The gondola-like "contraption" seen above is a Norwegian "pram." Although there are a fair number of "prams" on the river just now, they are hardly likely to become popular, for they seem to possess no advantage but that of novelty over existing Thames craft

Golf Notes and Notions

On the Abuse of Courses

This introductory heading does not refer to the sufferings inflicted on various courses by the bad play of the countless golfers who frequent them, but to the abusive terms in which so many, of even the finest courses, are spoken of by those who play over them. It has been my good fortune to be present at most of the Amateur Championships of the last ten years, and at a goodly number of Open Championships, and I will take, for the purposes of my present discourse, the case of the five greens over which those events take place. Those greens are, as all golfers know, St. Andrews, Prestwick, Muirfield, Hoylake, and Sandwich, and may be reckoned, on a moderate computation, as a fair representative selection of the pick of the courses of the United Kingdom. The five courses I have chosen as examples are the strongest instances I can adduce in support of my argument, and if they do not escape the evil fate of being roundly abused, we may rest assured that no other courses would go scatheless.

Are Golfers the Only Grumbling Sportsmen?

That being so, I would like to ask the question, whether golfers are peculiarly cursed with a double dose of the original sin of grumbling, or whether they share this failing with the devotees of other sports? Do cricketers, polo players, or croquet enthusiasts, abuse, with a choice selection of epithets, the grounds on which they are called to contest great events, in the same invariable way that a large section of entrants in any Golf Championship, whether amateur or open, belabour the poor devoted course on which they may happen to be playing? I am not sufficiently versed in other sports to be able to answer my own query, but as the nature of the games I have instanced does not admit of the same infinite variation in grounds that occurs in the case of golf courses, I may be permitted to doubt whether the grumbling, if any, is half as constant or as weighty. The game of golf can be played on links absolutely differing from one another in every possible particular, and yet each course may, in its own way, represent a very fine test of golf. This very variety in courses may go far to explain the invariable dissatisfaction with which some particular section of players regard the course on which they have to play for some big event. In this matter of grumbling, Amateurs and Professionals do not differ, however much be the difference in the merits of their performance at the game itself.

The Grumblers Criticise St. Andrews and Sandwich

I have never yet attended one of the Championships without hearing the course, whether St. Andrews, Prestwick, Muirfield, Hoylake, or Sandwich, abused in no measured terms by cross competitors. "Don't talk to me about St. Andrews being the finest course in the world," says Brown, from down South; "I call it a rotten, beastly, unfair course. Why, I hit a good tee shot, while my opponent dribbles his along the carpet, and he is just as well off as I am, very often better off, as my good shot goes into one of those cursed hidden bunkers right on the line of the hole. No, my boy, give me Sandwich, and we'd soon see what would happen to a topped tee shot." So off we go to Sandwich, only to find the same abuse meted out to that fine course. "Good lord," says Jones, "any fool can hit off the tee and chuck an approach shot up into the air, but there are no running-up shots, and hardly any difficult shots throughout the course. I call it rotten easy golf, not fit for first-class play; no, my boy, give me St. Andrews or Hoylake."

More Grumbling: This Time, Hoylake and Prestwick

Let us go to Hoylake, then, and see how we fare there. "Beastly course this," says my friend Robinson, "nothing but out of bounds here; no turf, and horrid flat country; my dear fellow, I call this a filthy course; give me Sandwich or Prestwick, where a good tee shot gets properly rewarded, and where you get fine turf, and good lies for your second shots. You might as well be playing on the hard high road as here, or at St. Andrews." So we proceed on our journey to Prestwick, expecting, possibly, to find at last the *beau idéal* of a golf course. Alas! for the vanity of human hopes; no sooner are we there than our good friend Smith approaches us, and holds forth volubly on the demerits of Prestwick as a golf course. "This is a really poor course," he exclaims, "why, there is no room for good long driving. The podgy, stuffy player is just as well off as the real smiter. Then look at those cursed last four holes; they are enough to damn any course, more particularly that infernal fifteenth hole. I call Muirfield a much better and fairer course than this," and on he goes through a lengthy course of severely disparaging remarks, enriched by many choice swear words.

A Final Tirade and Some Advice

So we must wend our way to Muirfield, only to be told at once, on arriving there, that it is not a course at all, that we are always inside a beastly wall, and that it only represents artificial and not natural golf. Probably, the grumbler finishes up a tirade against Muirfield by declaring emphatically that Andrew Kirkaldy was quite right when he qualified it as "just a watter meedie." By this time we have quite given up hope of finding a course that will please everyone, and come to the conclusion that such a *rara avis* does not exist We determine, like sensible people, to enjoy them all in their turn, while secretly giving our preference to one or two amongst them. If I might be permitted to give a counsel of perfection to golfers, it would run something as follows: "Grumble less, and you will enjoy your golf, whatever be the course, far more, and will play a vastly better game."

ERNEST LEHMANN.

Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows

By Mrs. JACK MAY

The Young Idea

It is probably a trite observation, that children are once again in vogue. The Park reveals the fact every day, when the smart, pretty mother is to be observed, finishing her costume with a picturesque girl or boy, preferably just emerging out of babydom. Well! it is a trend in the right direction, only one is lead to reflect on the greater happiness of the alliance under simpler auspices. The Park baby is almost invariably over-dressed. Modistically, the effect is persuasive enough; not a word from that point can be said against the lovely lawn and real lace frocks and exquisite *lingerie* hats, or costly Tuscan bonnets; but, to the child-lover, the sedate attitude of the small mites, sitting prim and silent beside the pretty, vivacious mother, strikes rather a pathetic note. It would be far more in accordance with natural conditions to see them turning cartwheels, in a washing overall and a sun-bonnet.

Apropos of sun-bonnets, what a furore there is just now over this particular type of headgear! And almost, I think, the craze can be traced to one definite Mayfair corner, where resides a verily inspired soul in the cause of children's garbing. The Scotch sun-bonnets here are sweet beyond description, the front fulness supported and regulated on curves of light cane, and the whole affair a feather-weight throughout, when fashioned of cambric or zephyr. This type of sun-bonnet is also quite the coolest, as the canes lift the front away from the face, although it may not be quite as becoming, in some instances, as the close gathered South country model. Then there is a milkmaid variety, with the corners turned back, that is most charming; in fact, there has arisen a very cult in sun-bonnets, and it is one that promises to be shared by mothers, pretty enough and young enough to dare the *simplicité* style, for a country garden.

With children, however, the sun-bonnet very distinctly requires to be lived up to, and it looks the epitome of incongruity surmounting a frock of latter-day extravagance.

A Seaside Frock

Now I know of a certain little lilac print dress that is arranged with a slightly full skirt and *blousée* bodice, the latter regulated at the waist by a slot and elastic, and cut in a little V *décolleté* at the throat. About this V, and down the front of the blouse, there comes a broad-stitched band of white linen, and the sleeves turn up at the elbow with a similar white line. As the practical seaside frock, I have never seen this surpassed There is nothing to unpick or unthread ere it departs to the laundress, and the idea is so healthy, and so wise, to leave throat and arms free, to get tanned in company with the face. But apart from sea and country exigencies, the distinction of such simple dressing leads one to think and to draw comparison not altogether favourable to the above-quoted Park baby. And there is, too, the further pleasing reflection that this particular class of rural dressing will be quite over the heads of the people whose scorn of the cheap is only equalled by their beautiful ignorance of what constitutes the artistically ornate.

The Last Robe of Summer

Miss Pleydel Young has determined to supply a surfeit of detail in this final flare of the smart season gown, and has elected, moreover, to tell her story in one of those soft *chiné* silks, in a harmony of tapestry blue. The corselet arrangement of lace is particularly novel, the corsage receiving further relief from some clever artistic touches of black velvet, while the skirt carries a double loop device of narrow *plissé* silk quillings.

Modes in Bathing Attire

Following the lead of the extravagant summer frocks, bathing gowns of pale blue have been declared the vogue. Pale blue, trimmed white braid, while those destined for foreign seaside resorts reveal a rather longer skirt or basque than was formerly the case; or the order may be reversed, and a white suit, trimmed pale blue braid, is pretty. But there seems to be an unwritten acceptance that the traditional navy blue shall be voted the sole resource of the unresourceful.

In lieu of the erstwhile unsightly cap, half-squares of mackintosh silk are sold, which are tied about the head as seems best and most becoming to the wearer. I know, though, of a wrinkle worth two of that. Previously to adjusting the square, slip the head into one of those ugly, but thoroughly effective, natural rubber caps, made with a slightly full centre, and close-fitting outer edge, rather after the style of a French peasant's cap, and over this tie the mackintosh silk square. I promise you that, acting on this procedure, the most immaculately waved coiffure will emerge, after a dip, with never an *ondulé* disturbed or the worse in any way for the immersion.

And women who desire to complete a perfect *tout ensemble*, will attach a small, naturally curly fringe to the inside cap. But they will also avoid, if they are wise, giving the small subterfuge away by hanging the cap out to dry with the fringe attached. I merely proffer the warning, as I have seen it neglected, and the only unpardonable sin in these matters is being found out.

Boy and Girl Dances

These have been quite noticeably the vogue this season, and seeking about for the cause, one is tempted to find it in the unusual number of young eligibles available—of young girls there are always enough and to spare, and they are all pathetically eligible—together with the devotion to Bridge of the young married woman. Cardrooms are every whit as important to-day as the ballroom itself, which is an ill wind that has blown distinct good in the shape of revived hopes to the heart of mothers with marriageable daughters.

But all this is by the way. Whereas, we have a

story to tell, respecting a pretty, very fair-haired girl, whose dark lashes shade the sweetest pair of grey eyes, who has elected this season to wear tulle dance frocks of one undisturbed, but strong, colour. Her complexion is very clear and pale, and she has made a veritable picture in a poppy-red tulle, a geranium pink, and the other night she essayed a deep, strong shade of yellow, with quite signal success.

It takes a girl—I have remarked it over and over again—fully two seasons to realise her possibilities and how to make the most of them. As a *débutante*, she is meekly dressed by her mother or modiste, who works on conventional lines, and though they seldom err in taste, equally rarely do they create a noticeable triumph. One *débutante* is very much like another, a mass of little *bébé* ribbon threadings or bows, with something tentatively floral in the shape of marguerites — surely the most ineffective of flowers—or lilies of the valley.

That is the rule, whereas, now and then, one meets an exception, as was my happy fate the other evening, when I found my eye following in grateful satisfaction the spectacle of a graceful young girl arrayed in a white tulle that was simply ruffled in graduated widths to the knee, with the same tulle corsage and sleeves falling artistically into the scheme. In the pretty, dark brown hair there was twisted a snood of white tulle, and in the hand was carried a loosely tied bouquet of pale pink roses. Following up a few enquiries, I gathered that this *débutante* had been seen everywhere in these white tulle confections, each one as fresh as though—as was most probably the case—it had just stepped out of the workroom, and always with an artistic, loosely tied posy to impart the requisite colour relief.

The Last Robe of Summer

An original design for a smart late summer gown, in soft *chiffon* silk

(*Drawn by K. Pleydel Youn.*)

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QUICKEST TRAIN SERVICE LONDON, BIRMINGHAM, BRISTOL, LIVERPOOL, AND MANCHESTER TO GLASGOW (CENTRAL).

ADDITIONAL AND ACCELERATED TRAINS JULY, AUGUST, AND SEPTEMBER, 1905.

London (Euston) dep.	a.m. 5 15	a.m. 9 55	a.m. 10 0	a.m. 10 0	a.m. 10 0	p.m. 2 0		A p.m. 7 45	B p.m. 8 0	p.m. 8 50	p.m. 11 35	p.m. 11 50	
Edinburgh arr.	p.m. 3 0	p.m. 6 10	p.m. 6 15					a.m.		a.m. 5 43	a.m. 7 35	a.m.	
Edinburgh dep.	p.m. 3 0				p.m. 7 55	10 30						7 50	
Princes St. arr.										6 25			
Princes St. dep.	3 0				7 55	10 20						7 50	
Glasgow (Cent.) arr.	4 20				9 18	11 8				8d 1		9 49	
Glasgow (Cent.) dep.	3 0				7 55	10 20						7 50	
Greenock ,, ,,	4 20				9 18	11 8				8d 1		9 49	
Gourock ,, ,,	4 34				9 33	11 22				8d18		9 10	
Oban ,, ,,	9a 5												
Perth ,, ,,	5 30			8 0		4 45				8 50	12 0	2c 0	
Inverness—						12 25		4 40	9 8	5 20	8 35	8b50	
vid Dunkeld													
Dundee ,, ,,	7b 15			8 40		1 5				6 35		11 50	
Aberdeen ,, ,,	9 5			10 20		3 5				7 15		9d45	
Ballater ,, ,,						8c55				9 45		11d25	
Inverness—													
vid Aberdeen						7c35				12 5		2 0	
												6 0	

Runs from July 24th to August 19th inclusive.

Runs up to July 22nd and after August 21st

A—Passengers by the 7.45 p.m. from Euston will arrive at Inverness at 8.35 a.m. up to August 14. This train does not run on Saturday nights.

B—Saturdays excepted.

a—Arrives Oban 7.30 p.m. on Fridays. **b**—Arrives Dundee (West) 6.50 p.m. Wednesdays and Fridays. **c**—Sundays excepted. **d**—On Sunday morning arrive Greenock 8.15 a.m., Perth 8.45 a.m., Dundee 9.15 a.m., and Aberdeen 11.30 a.m.

A Special Train will leave Euston at 6.20 p.m., up to August 14, Saturday and Sunday nights excepted, for the conveyance of horses and private carriages to all parts of Scotland. A carriage for the conveyance of dogs will be attached to this train.

For further particulars see the Companies' Time Tables, Guides, and Notices.

FREDERICK HARRISON, General Manager, L. & N. W. Railway.

R. MILLAR, General Manager, Caledonian Railway.

July, 1905.

Great Eastern Railway.

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CORLESTON
CROMER
MUNDESLEY
CLACTON
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A Woman's Note Book

THE SECRET OF WOMAN'S CHARM

Dress Responsible for Much

Someone has been holding forth on the woman "who is not really pretty, but who has succeeded in convincing the world in general, as well as herself, that she is." And this journalist goes on to remark that some women look "cheap," however much they spend upon their clothes, while others are always a satisfaction in their appearance, though only possessed of small incomes. I have been wondering if this ingenious method is looked upon as a tiny vice of deception. Is it a trick, and if so, is it a rather naughty or a mildly excusable one? No, it is an essentially feminine talent, which may be overdone, of course, but which, used with discretion, is the secret of much of a woman's charm. It is the distinguishing mark between the stupid woman and the clever one; for typical feminine cleverness consists not in what a woman knows, but in *how* she knows it, and to what account she can turn it, and still more in what manner she can gloss over her ignorances, blunders, and mistakes.

Conversation a Consideration

She is a clever woman, perhaps, who, having kept herself up in every subject of importance of the day, can talk brilliantly in almost any society in which she may find herself; but she is a cleverer one who can do the talking without the knowledge. There are some women who need never give themselves away. *Generally* they are not nice; their talent is apt to run riot with them; they are inclined to use it for schemes of merely personal convenience and comfort. The temptation is strong to let it form all kinds of petty deceptions and self-glorifications; it may be a burden instead of an assistance; it may, when not properly assimilated in the character, become laboured and artificial, thus defeating its own end. But it is a talent nevertheless, one to be used or abused, and thereby producing very opposite results.

Reynard and his foster-mother

The young fox, with the rather wild-looking eye, seen in our illustration, was reared by the cat, who is his companion in the child's lap. We have not heard whether the good youthful training he is receiving from his foster-mother has caused him to use his predatory instincts in becoming a good "mouser"

To Look Pretty is a Necessity

For instance, it is of no importance whether a woman is pretty or not, if she can look so. Many a beautiful girl spoils her appearance by want of taste, or a distressing ignorance of the style of dress which suits her. Again, it is not of the slightest consequence to the world at large what a woman's annual dress allowance may be; but how her talents turn it to account is a thing which affects all her acquaintances. As one of the most vulgar things is to boast of riches, and the next in point of vulgarity is to continually complain of poverty, so one of the most vulgar appearances is that of an overdressed woman, and the next, that of a shabby one. We have no more business to look too rich or too poor than we have to encourage defects of character; this *is*, in fact, a defect of character, and one which may be cured by an intelligent woman, but which is, on the other hand, hopeless when it proceeds from stupidity.

Good Manners and Tact, the Keystone

It is the same with manners, and, indeed, all subjects where there is a scope for tactfulness. Tact is a woman's crowning glory; without it she is a barbarian; with it, she can do much to smooth almost all the rough places in daily existence. Tact is, in itself, charm, and it is a talent for showing things not always as they are, but as we would have them be. Yet, who shall make objections or refer to it as one of the failings of deceitful woman. It is not good manners; it is more: it is the essence out of which good manners develop themselves. It has really nothing to do with conventionality and etiquette, and, though the beginning of all refinement, it is not found in every individual in those classes from which we *demand* refinement, while it may sometimes flourish splendidly where we least expect it. This is because it is a gift which, once there, is capable of great development, but can never be artificially produced.

LADY PHYLLIS.

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Manufacturers to His Majesty the King and H.R.H. the Princess of Wales

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Samples and Price Lists Post Free. DAMASK Surplice Linen, 10½d. per yard. Dusters from 3/3 per doz. Glass Cloths, 3/11 per doz.

Frilled Linen Pillow Cases, from 1/4½ each. Fine Linens and Linen Diaper, 9½d. per yard. Strong Huckaback Towels, 4/11 per doz.

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EVERY SATURDAY during JULY, AUGUST, and SEPTEMBER, CHEAP EXPRESS EXCURSIONS for 3, 6, or 8 days will be run from MARYLEBONE STATION to over 200 of the PRINCIPAL TOWNS and HOLIDAY RESORTS in the MIDLANDS and the NORTH.

ALSO for 3, 8, 10, 15, or 17 days to CLEETHORPES, SCARBOROUGH, FILEY, BRIDLINGTON, HARROGATE, BLACKPOOL, SOUTHPORT, NORTH-EAST, & NORTH-WEST COAST WATERING PLACES, and DOUGLAS (Isle of Man).

For particulars of the above arrangements and bookings on EVERY SATURDAY, SUNDAY, MONDAY, and THURSDAY, see A B C PROGRAMME to be obtained at Marylebone Station, and Company's Town Offices. SAM FAY, *General Manager.*

AUTOMOBILE TOPICS

Echoes of the Gordon Bennett

The big motor event of 1905 has produced the usual discussion. No sooner had the Gordon Bennett race been concluded, than the utility of such speed contests was questioned. It is argued that the cost of these annual contests is big—extravagantly big; that the closing of eighty-four miles of public roads creates public inconvenience; that the latter-day system of controls almost prevents any actual passing between cars travelling at speed, and that, in consequence, the race is apt to be a dull spectacle; that, too, the advertising value to the winning car is a thing of the past; that, although it has in the past taught us a great deal, it now has little useful effect upon the industry. Of all these arguments, perhaps the last two are the most important, and it is interesting to consider whether the manufacturer reaps the benefit of the time, trouble, and expense entailed in the production of three or four racing cars. Personally, I am of the opinion that the production of these racing cars operates as a kind of annual examination test to the different manufacturers. To design and construct a modern racing car is most difficult. Each part has to be separately considered, the 1,000 kilo limit forbids the necessary margin of strength being provided for, by simply putting in more metal. The designer is between the devil and the deep blue sea—strength is demanded from him, heaviness is forbidden. He is put upon his mettle; he has, so to speak, to pass an annual examination. He is set a task which demands the greatest attention, which asks of him his best.

The Public Buys From the Successful Racing Firms

Surely, it must be a good thing for all the leading houses in this comparatively young industry that this incentive to still better workmanship should be retained. It has been said that racing now has lost its advertising value, and that the orders of the public do not follow the winning cars. How it will be this year, of course, one does not know; but if past years are any criterion, plenty of good orders will be diverted from other firms to the Richard-Brasier factory, and the makers of the F.I.A.T. cars. The extraordinary racing success of the Renault Brothers in the voiture *légère* and voiturette classes made their business. Thousands of pounds' worth of orders have in the past been placed with Panhard, Mors, Mercédès, Napier, and other big firms, for the same reason, and it is common knowledge that the Richard-Brasier London agents did very good business after Théry's 1904 victory.

Racing Reveals Weak Workmanship

Would manufacturers spend so much time and money in these Cup races if they did not consider there was some return to be got? It is not only the winner that reaps the sole benefit; other cars do well, and the public does not forget it. A good few of the motor-purchasing members of the great B.P. incline towards placing their order with a firm that can produce successful racing cars. They are not far out either. The same organisation and skill that manufactures a successful racer is at work on the production of

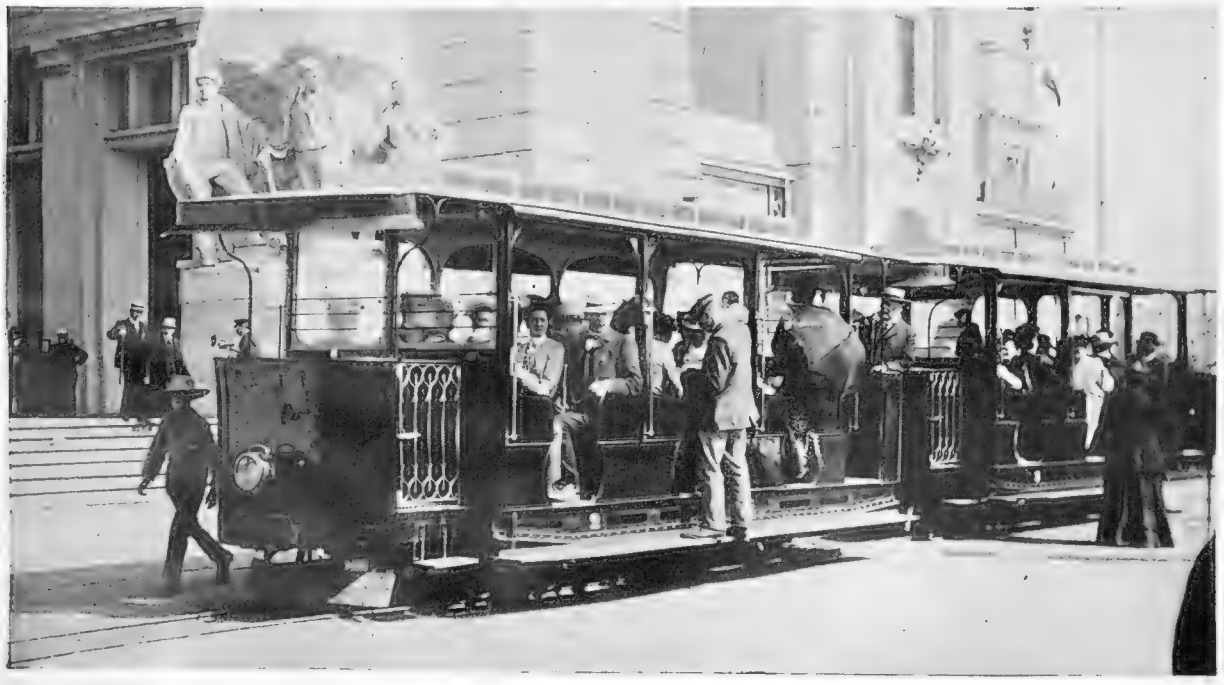

Photo by *Topical Agency*

A light petrol-driven tram at the Liége Exhibition

Fitted with a 16 h.-p. two-cylinder Decauville motor, these trams are giving satisfaction. They should prove better dividend payers than our heavy electric cars

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Breakfast, Luncheon, Dining, and Sleeping Cars.

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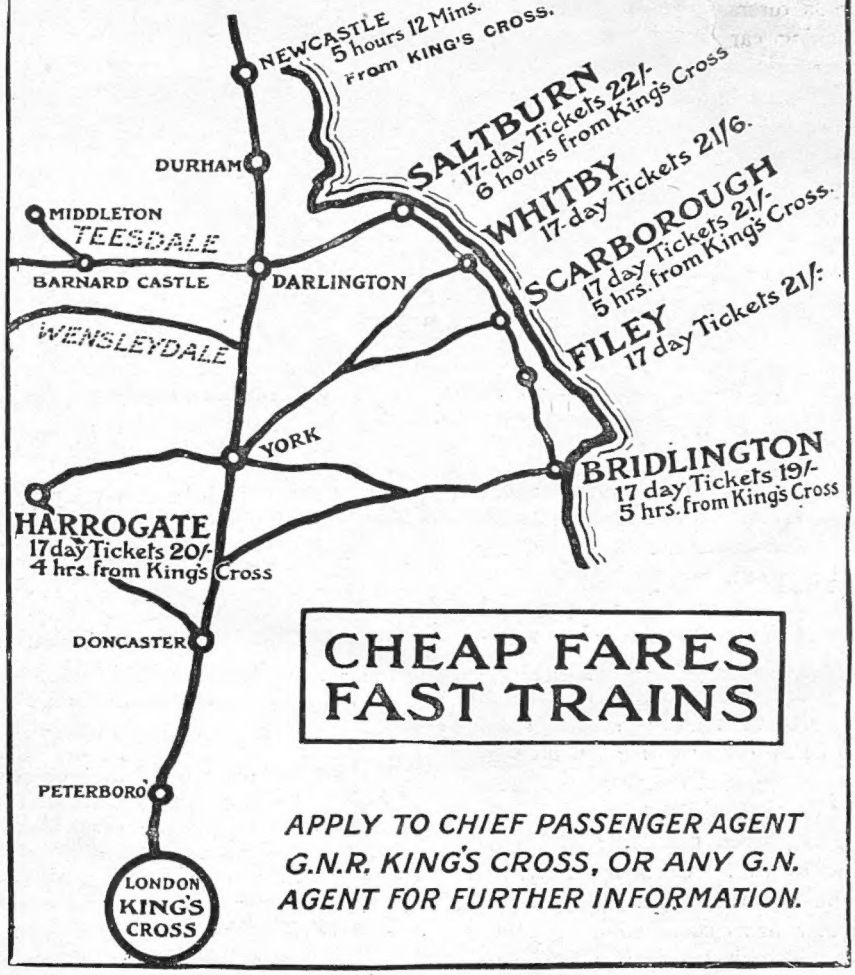
SPLENDID CLIFFS & SANDS, BRACING MOORS, LOVELY DALES.



CHEAP FARES FAST TRAINS

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Yorkshire and Northumberland Coasts, Moors, and Dales.

N.E.R. SCOTLAND. G.N.R.

the touring car. The same lack of organisation and happy-go-lucky methods of design and manufacture that sends out a racing car that hopelessly breaks down, will probably be against that firm turning out a decent touring car. Let me instance the poor results that American racers have achieved. They failed miserably in Ireland in 1903, and again this year, on the Auvergne circuit, they were nowhere. Poor design, careless workmanship, won't fetch home when three hundred miles of ordinary roads are travelled at terrific speeds. Is it not a matter of common knowledge that, generally speaking, the American touring car is still some way behind the best English and Continental models? These rapid road races may be dull to look at, expensive to hold, and they may have other objections, but I still believe that it is good for the industry as a whole, and that the big manufacturers should endeavour each year to do their utmost; and I am certain that intending purchasers who go to the firms that win, or do well, will not be far out.

If France Withdraws

If France persists in her intention of withdrawing from the Gordon Bennett, next year's contest will surely suffer. The great French firms certainly feel, with some reason, that the representation at the Gordon Bennett is unequal. Each nation is entitled to run but three cars, whether she has a dozen big firms within her borders, or only one or two. Germany, Italy, and Austria have really but one racing firm apiece. Why should these particular firms score so heavily over an equally important French firm just because the one is resident in France and the other is not. Even England suffers somewhat; and next year, probably, others will fight with the Napiers, the Wolseleys, and the Stars, for the three available places in the Gordon Bennett. The Italian F.I.A.T. firm, however, and the Austrian Mercédès, will simply build three cars, and, unchecked by any eliminating tests, race all three in the big Cup contest.

Give the "G. B." its Right Name

You may call it an International race, or what you please, but it is really a manufacturers' race, and I think it would be as well to frankly recognise the fact. It seems to me that each big manufacturing firm should be allowed to enter at least one car; equal opportunities of practising over the course should be granted to each competitor; and, generally speaking, everything should be done to put every big designer on an equal footing. I would even alter the regulations about tyres. No matter where you buy a car, you can use whatever tyres you like, and I really don't see why a manufacturer need be restricted to tyres made in his own country. If he fancies a particular brand of tyre, let him fit it.

Photo by *Topical Agency*

The Cyclonette tricar, propelled by a 3½ h.-p. air-cooled motor

The transmission is by means of a broad, flat, raw hide belt driving a Crypto gear. The drive is then taken to the front wheel by means of a chain. By means of the handle at the end of the tiller, both speeds are worked, and above the handle are the ignition, mixture, and throttle levers

Put This in Your Pipe, and Smoke It

The London Motor Garage, who are agents for the well-known "Pipe" cars, write me as follows:—

The new 18 h.-p. "Pipe" cars, which attracted so much attention at the Automobile Exhibitions this season, are now being delivered rapidly to numerous purchasers.

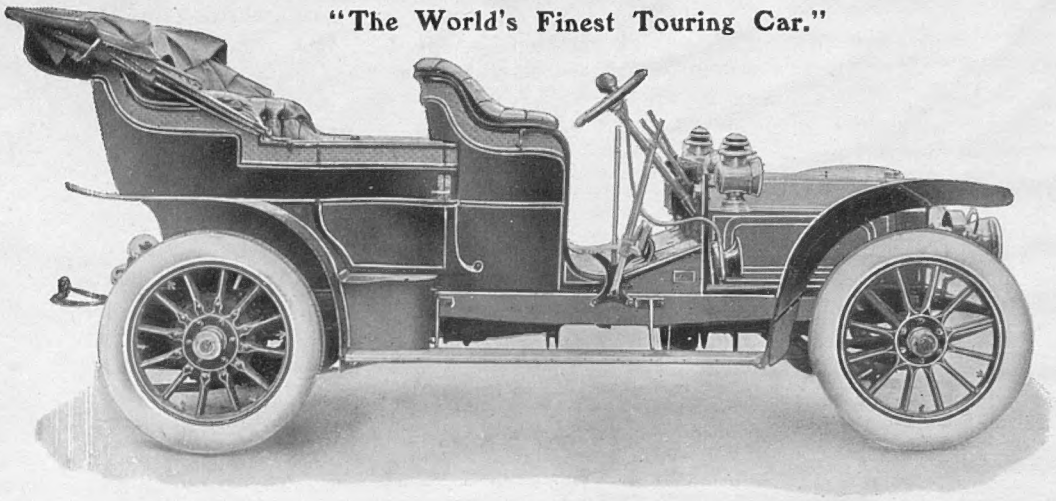
The cars follow "Mercédès" lines in design and appearance, and there is a remarkable absence of vibration, even when the engine is intentionally "raced" whilst the car is at a standstill.

In Belgium, the demand for "Pipe" cars is enormous, and the factory has been working night and day to keep pace with their agents' contracts.

The fact that the shares of the "Usines Pipe" are quoted at a substantial premium on the Brussels bourse, indicates the profitable nature of the Company's business.

Rochet-Schneider

"The World's Finest Touring Car."



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The Editor's Box

A New Joy in Life

The taste of the cigarette-smoker is as fickle a one as can be found, and nothing but continual change seems to bring satisfaction to the jaded palate until—one knows Teofani. Then all is changed, and wavering fickleness is supplanted by unwavering constancy. "Once Teofani, always Teofani," is then the motto of one's after-days. And the reasons are these. In the first place, only the choicest Yenidjeh tobaccos are used. Secondly, these are blended with supreme artistry by the head of the firm, Mr. Teofani himself. Knowing this, one does not wonder that the Khedive and the King of the Hellenes smoke the delightful cigarettes sent out by this house. The prices, from 5*s.* per 100 upwards, suit every pocket, and the same care is lavished in the cheaper as on the more expensive cigarettes, the difference, of course, being in the brand of tobacco used. The King's Own, at 12*s.* 6*d.* a hundred, is the cigarette one hands round with pride after dinner, and those of our readers who are seeking a new joy in life, cannot do better than send for a box to any of the well-known stores or good-class tobacconists.

The "Empress"

We have received from Calcutta a copy of the *Empress*—a most interesting periodical—which contains some excellent photographs of the disastrous earthquake in Northern India. This paper is the only one of its kind in India, and should receive the support of all Anglo-Indians. It is conducted by Mr. A. S. Parker, who has edited it since its birth nearly nineteen years ago. It is not often that we find a paper published away from the great newspaper centres of Europe and America which is so well got up, or the contents of which are so full of interest.

Felixstowe, the Accessible

Among the forefront of progressive seaside towns, Felixstowe must certainly be mentioned. The Town Council are very up to date, and provide excellent bands, while, as all visitors know, the beach is a splendid attraction. Another point of great importance to the welfare of a seaside resort is that the travelling arrangements are satisfactory, and here Felixstowe is provided with a service perhaps second to none, the Great Eastern Railway are making a special point of attracting visitors from London. The Company run a great number of non-stop trains, issue tourist tickets, and, in addition to this, have both breakfast and dining trains.

"Successful Gardening"

Messrs. Clay, of Stratford, E., have sent us a copy of their most interesting horticultural publication, *Successful Gardening* (third edition). All those with gardens, big or small, both amateurs and professionals, will find this little volume extremely interesting. The contents of the book have been contributed throughout by writers of repute and authority, and an interesting article entitled, "Points for Exhibitors and Rules for Judging," by Mr. John Wright, V.M.H., introduces a new feature which was not to be found in the earlier editions.

How to Fight Insect Pests

In the last Report of the Agricultural Department of Western Australia, some interesting particulars are given of the work of Mr. Geo. Compere, the travelling entomologist. His special cult is pests and their parasites. He believes that every insect pest has its parasite, as, according to the moralist, every evil has its remedy. In the pursuit of this principle, Mr. Compere enjoys the unique distinction of being in the joint service of the Western Australian and Californian Governments—a form of union for commercial and agricultural purposes which cannot but commend itself to the advocates of union between the United States and the British Empire. Mr. Compere's duty takes him into many lands. He has to go, indeed, wherever he can find the original home of the insect pests whose ravages inflict such immense loss upon the farmer and the fruit grower. Evidently the Western Australian Government is prepared to adopt up-to-date methods in their desire to look after the interests of those who settle on their lands—a fact that gives emphasis to the efforts the Government is making to inform the British public of the advantages offered in that country for land settlement.

The Poor Man's University

We have received from Messrs. Methuen the latest volumes of their Standard Library of Reprints. These include the new volume of Gibbons' "Decline and Fall" (Paper, 1*s.*; cloth, 1*s.* 6*d.*); "The Imitation of Christ," by Thomas à Kempis; "The Poems and Plays of Oliver Goldsmith"; and also Milton's "Paradise Lost." The get-up of these books is now too well known to need description. In every instance, only the best readings are given, and they are printed in large, bold type, and on paper which renders them the cheapest reprints now being sold. We understand from the publishers that their efforts are being highly appreciated by the public, judging from the increased demand.

King Alfonso Remembers His Visit

That the King of Spain retains kindly memories of his visit to London he has just given proof of by one of those little acts of courtesy which speak volumes. It will be remembered that King Alfonso made a memorable shopping visit in a motor-car to Bond Street. As a pleasant result of this visit, Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, Ltd., have had the honour of receiving the appointment of Jewellers and Silversmiths to the H.M. the King of Spain.

The Motor-Boat Race

In connection with the International Motor-Boat Race from Boulogne last Saturday, the South Eastern and Chatham Railway ran an excellent service of special trains. Our representative left London by the 2.20 on Friday afternoon, and arrived at six in the evening. He was thus able to see the start from Boulogne on Saturday morning, and also the finish of the race, while he was able to return to London the same evening with every comfort.

The Playgoer's Fête

We are asked to announce that the Playgoers' Club will hold their annual fête at the Royal Botanical Gardens on the evening of Thursday, July 20. The members and guests will be received by the President, Mr. Israel Zangwill, and Mrs. Zangwill. An interesting programme has been arranged.

"Well, here's my comfort." SHAKESPEARE
FOR GENTLEMEN.
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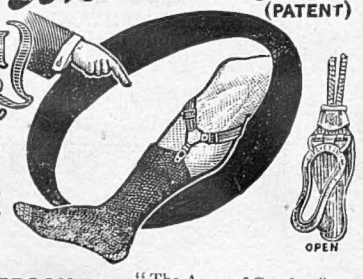

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